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THE PREVENTION OF CRIME BILL.

IT has, apparently, been among the idle conceits of Englishmen to suppose that, in contrast with some other races, they themselves were given rather to act than to talk. This flattering opinion can hardly be maintained in the face of present events. While Englishmen talk, Irishmen act. While the House of Commons wastes a fortnight of almost continuous discussion on amendments suggested by the prudery and pedantry of English and Scotch lawyers, the business-like followers of Mr. PARNELL murder landlords and soldiers of the QUEEN appointed to guard landlords on the high road in open day. "After the deed," says one report of the murder of Mr. BOURKE, "six men were noticed leaving the scene." The reporter's English serves to bring out rather happily the horrible comedy of these "scenes." Nobody, of course, thought of stopping the six men, or of following them, or of giving any information as to where they had gone. The "scene" being finished, "*exeunt* six men" follows as a natural close, without any of the witnesses thinking it necessary that anything should be done by them. In favour of the people, of whom these six men leaving the scene and their audience are not unrepresentative specimens, Mr. DAVEY and Mr. RUSSELL, Mr. BRYCE and Mr. HORWOOD, are exercising a remarkable combination of professional ingenuity and tenderness of heart in order to prevent the measures taken against such crimes as the Gort murder from being too severe. It is the six men leaving the scene, and the indefinite number of courageous observers who saw them leave, who are the real clients in the eloquent pleading of our Radical organs on behalf of the liberty of the subject. The liberty of the subject to shoot Mr. BOURKE and the soldier (who, it may be presumed, was not even a "land thief"), the liberty of the witnesses to tell no tales about the six men, and, it may be, of a jury not to convict them—these are the things for which the party of disorder in England is contending with all its might and main by obstructing in Parliament, by trying to excite jealousy at the Tory support given to the Bill, by claptrap of the HAMPDEN and Bill of Rights order, by abject appeals to Mr. GLADSTONE not to hurt the feelings of his most faithful followers, by reminding their readers and hearers of the singularly pertinent fact that Mr. BRYCE once wrote an excellent essay on the Holy Roman Empire. It is certainly an advance in the direction of treating Irish subjects in accordance with Irish ideas, to argue that the actors and accomplices in assassination should be treated with tenderness, because the member for the Tower Hamlets is an accomplished student of mediæval history.

It would be satisfactory if the Government could be entirely exonerated from responsibility for the present condition of affairs. That Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT have made a manful stand against the crochets of their allies may be heartily acknowledged. Hitherto they have conceded nothing that is very important, and their declarations on the subject of Boycotting and of the connexion between agrarian and political crime have left little to desire. Unfortunately, however, they appear to have forgotten that it is the business of Government not merely to resist but to advance, and they have in some cases undone with the left hand even what the right hand has done. The indiscriminate releases of the last few weeks, and especially the last few days, were

certain to have a bad effect. After every act of weakness on the part of the Government, a blow is the now well-ascertained policy of the Land Leaguers; and the murder of Mr. BOURKE, and of the soldier who was with him, corresponds to the setting free of Mr. BRENNAN and the interference with Mr. CLIFFORD LLOYD's most just and proper sentences, just as the murders of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE corresponded to the great surrender of the Kilmainham Treaty. But these releases might have mattered less if the Government had been more vigorous in reference to the Prevention of Crime Bill. According to their own account, the Bill was, to all intents, drawn before the crime of the Phoenix Park. This being the case, it has taken full six weeks to get into Committee, where the earliest clauses of the Bill are still in debate. But Mr. GLADSTONE wished to present another "magnificent spectacle" to Europe by not appearing to retaliate at once for the crime of the Phoenix Park; he wished to advance the Arrears Bill, at any rate through its first stages, *puri passu* with the measure for the prevention of crime, and he did not wish to snub his Radical friends too definitely. The consequence is that, as has been already said, a full fortnight, or something like a tenth part of an ordinary Session, has been spent on the fads of a few Radical or Liberal lawyers, who display a respect for precedent and constitutional punctilio very creditable to their profession, but a little surprising to members of their party.

A brief examination of what was actually done during the first four days of this week amply bears out the charge of delay, or at least hesitation, on the part of the Government. Every one of these days was devoted to the measure, and yet very little progress was made with it. Monday saw some verbal alterations, with which there is no great fault to find, and a renewed attempt on the part of the Irish members to argue the sun out of the heavens by denying that Irish juries are unwilling to convict. On Tuesday the question of whether or not unanimity among the members of the Court should be required was argued at great length, and the knotty subject of the definition of intimidation was entered upon. This culminated in Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL's amendment on the subject of Boycotting, which was argued over for the whole of Wednesday afternoon and the greater part of Thursday afternoon and evening. At midnight on Thursday, Mr. RUSSELL being disposed of, Mr. BRYCE took up the running with an amendment differently worded, but conceived with the same general purpose of excluding certain kinds of Boycotting from the operation of the law, and on this Mr. GLADSTONE, after a mild resistance, accepted the reporting of progress at no very late hour. That is to say, the greater part of three days has been occupied in discussing various subterfuges by which the Boycotters hope to escape the consequences of this Act of Parliament. That is the simple meaning of all the speeches and all the proposals of the Irish party and their English allies. That the enormous majority of the House of Commons regards Boycotting with the horror and indignation which it deserves is certain, and it is impossible to allow that three sittings and a prospect of more were required to give scope for attempts to convert this horror into the admiring attitude of Mr. DILLON and Mr. LABOUCHERE. It will be admitted by everybody that the PRIME MINISTER is in a position where a great deal of allowance must be made for him. It is not

pleasant to have to refuse amendments moved by political friends, and to vote against them in the same lobby with political enemies. Mr. DAVEY has denominated Mr. GLADSTONE the Pillar of the People's Hopes; it is known that the PRIME MINISTER is Mr. LABOUCHERE's moral, political, and religious ideal realized. But he is not a realized ideal at all to Mr. GIBSON, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE can hardly be supposed not to be privately of opinion that the people might with advantage find alternative pillars. Yet Mr. GLADSTONE has to vote shoulder by shoulder with Mr. GIBSON and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and to turn a deaf ear to Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. DAVEY. This is, of course, painful enough. Again, if the measure under discussion were one of merely academic politics, a Reform Bill, or a Disestablishment Bill, or something else in which nothing but the satisfaction of crotchets and the possible infliction of harm was to be gained by its speedy passing, no time could be too long for its discussion. But the murder of Mr. BOURKE reminds Englishmen of what it really is. The knife is at the throat of hundreds of loyal Irishmen and of the English and Scotch servants of the Crown who are, in simple obedience to orders, serving in that country. The Prevention of Crime Bill is a weapon intended to parry that knife, to strike it out of the hand of the assassin, or to return or anticipate his blow. Mr. DAVEY and Mr. RUSSELL are practically delaying its application in order to discuss whether it shall be double-edged or single-edged; whether the handle shall be of stag's horn or of ivory; whether it shall have a steel sheath or a leathern one. The comparison, as far as the real gravity of the position goes, is not in the least extravagant. To meet murder and Boycotting and midnight arson is the purpose of this Bill. Mr. DAVEY and Mr. RUSSELL and their friends in the press practically say, Let murder and Boycotting and midnight arson go on just a little longer, till we can make up our minds whether this clause and that clause are in accordance with BLACKSTONE and DE LOIME.

EGYPT.

AFTER some hesitation the Porte has sent a mission to Egypt. It looked with natural satisfaction on a state of things which it had done much to bring about, and thought that the more it was prolonged the better. Germany, however, spoke a seasonable word, and pointed out that Europe could not be kept waiting in order that Turkey might enjoy the spectacle of anarchy and indulge in boasts of what it could do if it pleased. The mission was therefore sent, and has arrived in Cairo. Its composition and its conduct sufficiently indicate the aims of those who have sent it. One of its prominent members is a Sheikh who has long been the secret friend and guide of ARABI, and has been entrusted with the delicate duty of unfolding to ARABI the real wishes of the SULTAN. From the first moment of its landing the mission has made it evident that it has come with plenary power, on the one hand, to try the Governor of a Turkish province on the charge of subservience to the infidel and the foreigner, and, on the other, to examine whether some faithful followers of the SULTAN, who have done a good work, and defied, terrified, and injured the infidel and the foreigner, have not gone a little too far and committed themselves and the SULTAN more than can be openly sanctioned. The KHEDIVE is treated not as the ruler of a country, but as a party to a cause; and if the mission receives with official courtesy the representatives of the KHEDIVE, it bestows its higher favours on the representatives of the insurgents. It is the KHEDIVE, not ARABI, who is in disgrace at Constantinople, where a strong wish has lately shown itself to supersede TEWKIK, on the ground that the SULTAN cannot be expected to feel that confidence in the friendship of England and France which he would wish to have in all the Governors of his provinces. In a few days the result of the mission will be known, and the Porte is said to be confident of success. What is meant by success in the eyes of the SULTAN is not difficult to see. The KHEDIVE will be told that he may stay on, but will be expected to follow in everything the dictates of the Porte, and to patch up his quarrel with the army, while to the army will be confided the high task of perpetually watching to see that the KHEDIVE does what the SULTAN wishes. On the other hand, that good and faithful servant ARABI will be induced

to see that the best proof of his loyalty and attachment to the SULTAN will be to retire for the moment from the scene. This arrangement would supersede the necessity of a Turkish military intervention. The Egyptian army would be the SULTAN's army, and would rule the country. But it would act under the SULTAN's instructions, and it is safe to calculate that these instructions would in the first instance be such as to reassure Europe. The Ministers imposed on the KHEDIVE would be directed to uphold with zeal all international arrangements; the soldiers would be instructed to avoid insolence to foreigners, and even to salute the KHEDIVE as being after all, in spite of his misdeeds, the actual representative of the SULTAN, and some efforts would be made to coax back European capital, and to pay the interest of the public debt with sufficient regularity to avoid any loud remonstrances, and sufficient irregularity to inspire the bondholders with a belief that it is only through the SULTAN they can get anything.

This is the kind of success at which the mission aims and which it is supposed it will achieve. To accept such a result as satisfactory or as endurable would be absolutely impossible for England, unless every tradition of English policy is to be summarily abandoned; and, when the time is coming so near for England to insist on having regard paid to its wishes or to give in altogether and retire from all control of Egypt, it is at once more convenient and practical to drop for the moment other Powers out of our thoughts, and to think only of what most concerns ourselves. What we want is precisely what the mission, to all appearance, does not want. We want to restore the real authority of the KHEDIVE, to see that the present rebellion against him is suppressed, and that he will be free from the fear of another rebellion putting him in the miserable position he now occupies. Unless he is the master of his own army he is of no use to us, or to himself, or to any one else except the SULTAN. One of the first acts of the rebels since their recent triumph has been to line the banks of the Suez Canal with soldiers prepared to destroy the works and to collect the necessary machinery for blowing up English ships. To avoid preparations of this kind being carried out, England has worked hard hitherto to prevent their being made. The best way to accomplish this end has seemed to be the constitution and maintenance in Egypt of a friendly little Government, strong enough to ensure order, but willing to be guided by us in its efforts to attain the peace and prosperity which are the best and most lasting securities for order. Until the military insurrection broke out, we got on well enough with the task we had undertaken. We secured very great benefits for the Egyptians. We lightened their burdens; we developed their resources. We gave them a ruler who had no other desire than to make them more flourishing and better instructed. All this was upset by the military insurrection. Our friendly ruler has been coerced, reviled, and insulted. Order has disappeared, wealth is fast disappearing, it has become impossible to collect taxes, and preparations have been made to destroy the Canal and fire on our ships. The return to the *status quo* means for England the re-establishment of the whole condition of things that has been disturbed. Either we are to recur to our old experiment or we are not. We must either have a friendly little Government, master of its troops and the country, and acting as we advise to make the people prosperous and happy, or we must try something else. A puppet Khedive controlled by an army at the disposal of the Sultan would not and could not be for England a return to the *status quo*. It would be a complete novelty, and it would be a novelty that we could only tolerate if we were prepared to let our hold of the Canal go, and trust to the chapter of accidents that it would always be open to us if we wanted it. If the mission has the result anticipated, and England acquiesces in it, the control of the Canal passes altogether to Constantinople. To get anything we wanted we should have to present ourselves as humble suitors to Turkey, to court the allies most powerful at the Porte, to intrigue, to outwit, or to be outwitted at Constantinople. The policy of Turkey would become the policy of England. The alliance of Turkey would be not so much precious as necessary to us, and would always be sold to us at the price of the vendor. Humiliating and even dangerous as such a position would be to us in Europe, the humiliation and the danger would be far greater in India. The Mussulmans of India would

quickly perceive that their master was really our master, and their fear of us would disappear in the triumphant conviction that their great head and protector held the key of the gate by which we think we can get at them.

The projected Conference is for the moment in abeyance. The Turks say that its meeting is useless because their mission is going to settle everything. The English Government is content to wait, but pronounces its very assured opinion that the Conference will be found to be necessary whatever may be the result of the mission. This, no doubt, means that the result of the mission is very unlikely to be such a result as England can accept. Everything is possible, but it is as improbable as anything can be that the mission will decide, and will be able to give effect to its decision, that the authority of the KHEDIVÉ, as the loyal friend of England, must be upheld; that the army must be disbanded and its chief sent out of the country, and that a little force obedient to the good TEWFIK, and busying itself only with securing the lives of foreigners and protecting the natives against local oppressors, shall replace the force which has disgraced itself. Should this be the result of the mission, there would be no more to be said. The SULTAN would have done as a good service, and the *status quo* would really have been restored. We should once more have at our command the means of protecting the Canal on which we have been content to rely. If for what is old there is substituted something new, we must see how this new thing suits us, and if it does not suit us we must say so. But it is no use saying in a vague way that we do not like a new arrangement in Egypt; we must make up our minds once for all whether we intend to have the control of the Canal or not. However much we may tax our ingenuity, we shall find that there are only two practical ways of controlling the Canal. The one way is to have a quiet, prosperous, substantially independent Government in Egypt, avowedly and permanently subject to our influence. The influence of other European Powers and of the SULTAN must of course be admitted, but for England the one indispensable condition is that English influence shall be so felt that the security of the Canal is assured. The other way of controlling the Canal is to control it physically, to make it certain that in whatever hands the adjacent districts may be we mean to keep, and can keep, the Canal always open for us. It is no use objecting to any result of the mission which we dislike, unless we make it clear that we intend either to have the real *status quo*—our *status quo*, not the SULTAN'S *status quo*—restored in Egypt, or ourselves to take the Canal into our keeping. A Conference that was called together to hear that we were dissatisfied with the result of the mission would really have nothing to do. If we asked it to meet we should have to give it something to do, and we should give it something to do if we began by stating that we were resolved to have at our command one of our two ways of controlling the Canal, and in a good-humoured and friendly way consulting Europe as to which on the whole it would like best to see us have.

GARIBALDI.

THE honours which the Italian KING and Parliament are offering to the memory of GARIBALDI will be generally approved by their countrymen. Among the masses of the people his virtues and his follies were almost equally popular. Competent judges of character will not fail to remember that his heroism was peculiar to himself, while his delusions and vagaries would have been shared by almost any half-educated man who might by some improbable accident have been placed in similar positions. It is strange that in modern Europe a private person should have assumed to himself on several occasions the right of making war without a commission from any established Government; and it is still more surprising that the pretension was practically admitted. It is true that GARIBALDI'S Sicilian expedition and the subsequent occupation of Naples were countenanced, or rather instigated, by CAVOUR; and the service rendered to the Italian cause would in any case have been too brilliant to allow of criticism or censure. The wild attempt to expel the French garrison from Rome, which ended ignominiously at Aspromonte, may perhaps have been made with the connivance of RATTAZZI, who was then Prime Minister of Italy. When it was suppressed by the KING'S troops, GARIBALDI was

allowed to return without punishment or prosecution to his home at Caprera. The same impunity followed the renewal of the enterprise in 1867, when he had been defeated by the French at Mentana. Once more, in 1871, in disregard of the complications which might have arisen between Italy and Germany, GARIBALDI offered his services to the new-born French Republic when the war was approaching its disastrous close. In return for his barren efforts, or his sympathy, he was elected as a member of the Assembly which met at Bordeaux; but finding that he was regarded as an unwelcome intruder, he almost immediately resigned his seat. In the more legitimate capacity of a member of the Italian Parliament he displayed, both before and after the French expedition, an entire want of aptitude for debate, for legislation, and for government. His extreme ignorance of politics and history would in any circumstances have disqualified him for civil eminence. He was at the mercy of flatterers and partisans, who naturally took advantage of his reputation and of his unequalled popularity. His sincere loyalty to the KING alternated oddly with professions of extreme Republicanism. In his later days he cultivated a fanatical antipathy to the Catholic Church, and, indeed, to all religious institutions. While he entertained the hatred of an Italian peasant for the infidel Turk, he took every opportunity of railing with innocuous violence against Christianity. His celebrated assertion that St. PETER had never existed was probably suggested by an early and instinctive belief that St. PETER was somehow identified with the POPE.

GARIBALDI will be principally remembered by his rapid conquest of Sicily and Naples. "Feliciter ausus vana contemnere," he perhaps appreciated at its true value the helpless imbecility of the Neapolitan Government; but it is more probable that he expected to encounter formidable obstacles. The tyranny of FERDINAND had effectively alienated the good will of the population, and the army was accustomed to avoid danger. During the siege of Rome in 1849 GARIBALDI had pursued with an insignificant force the KING and his army in their headlong flight to the frontier of the kingdom. Having with his scanty force overrun Sicily and defeated the enemy in some trifling skirmishes, GARIBALDI boldly crossed the Straits to the mainland; and a few days afterwards he entered Naples in advance of his forces. The young KING, who inherited the consequences of his father's misgovernment, retreated to Capua at the head of an army which could easily have crushed the audacious invader. A triumph which seemed to belong rather to romance than history has ever since profoundly impressed the imagination of Italy and of Europe. It is almost forgotten that when the Neapolitans at last made a stand, GARIBALDI was so entirely at the end of his resources that his expedition would almost certainly have ended in defeat if the KING of ITALY with the regular army had not undertaken the continuance and completion of the struggle.

There is some difference of opinion among capable judges as to GARIBALDI'S ability as a general. When he served under superior orders in regular campaigns he acquired little additional distinction. Before the final rupture with Austria, CAVOUR more than once told inquisitive foreigners that they might conclude that war was imminent if they heard that GARIBALDI had left Caprera. In 1859, and again in 1866, he was appointed to a separate, but subordinate, command, with the mission of covering the left wing of the main army, and of pressing the Austrians back in the hill country. It is not known that his operations had any effect on the result of the contest which was decided at Solferino by a pitched battle between the two main armies. In 1866 GARIBALDI again failed to obtain any success, though, in consequence of his detached position, he had no share in the defeat of Custoza. It would perhaps scarcely be fair to criticize his utter inability to resist regular German troops during his short campaign on the borders of France. His own belief in the efficiency of enthusiastic volunteers was never shaken. GARIBALDI is said to have possessed some tactical skill; and the chivalrous daring which he displayed in battle is, even in the days of scientific warfare, a high military quality. Probably none of the generals who sneered at the leader of irregular troops could have so easily conquered Sicily, nor would any of their number have advanced upon Naples without an army in just reliance on the cowardice of his opponents. His

early experience as a mere adventurer in South America accustomed him to the management of small bands of attached followers; but it could have taught him nothing of strategy. In those days he perhaps persuaded himself of the justice of any cause for which he might happen to fight; but he would have lived and died in obscurity if he had not afterwards been engaged in a nobler enterprise. There was neither complication nor ambiguity in the task of liberating Italy from Austrian supremacy and from native despotism; and, if there had been a more puzzling conflict of duties, GARIBALDI was not a man to look at two sides of a question. Though in his later years he fancied himself a zealous Republican, he was incapable of MAZZINI's criminal preference of a form of government to national independence. His surrender to VICTOR EMMANUEL of the dictatorship which was producing hopeless anarchy in Sicily and Naples was not the less generous and loyal because it must have been forcibly effected if it had not been voluntarily offered.

GARIBALDI's exploits were well qualified to excite popular admiration, and there was something both imposing and winning in his personal character. His picturesque appearance was in itself an element of popularity, and his extravagant utterances caused him to be regarded as a representative of the democracy. The excitement which attended his visit to England eighteen years ago is not forgotten. The streets of London were impassable on the day on which he was expected to take up his quarters in a ducal palace; and it was observed that the multitude consisted almost entirely of the poorer classes. His keen enjoyment of his reception produced on his part a friendly feeling to England which was never afterwards disavowed. He showed no resentment when the Government of the day deprived him of the pleasure of a provincial tour which was thought likely to cause disturbance or embarrassment. The persuasive eloquence of Mr. GLADSTONE was employed first to hasten his departure from England, and then to assure Parliament that the heroic guest had shortened his visit of his own accord. The populace in all countries prefers sentiment and impulse to calculating policy. The Italians entertain a calm respect for CAVOUR, but GARIBALDI's character and career appeal far more successfully to their feelings. It is, in truth, more probable that a statesman of equal ability with CAVOUR should arise than that another leader of the type of a Homeric chieftain should rival the fame of GARIBALDI. If the popular favourite on all public occasions talked mischievous nonsense, his error was readily condoned, even when it was distinctly perceived. On one occasion GARIBALDI attended a Peace Congress for the purpose of recommending a general war as the preliminary of the Republican millennium. It has been justly said that the Italian people required above all things an example of disinterested patriotism and of reckless bravery. Knowledge, statecraft, and caution were much more common qualities than chivalrous resolution. GARIBALDI possessed the merit of being absolutely incorrupt, and the only selfish motive by which he was actuated was unconscious vanity. It was in compliment to his Republican prejudices rather than to his famous exploits that the French Chamber suspended a sitting in respect to his memory. The Italians will not be flattered by VICTOR HUGO's characteristic declaration that the great nation honours the great patriot. The implied assumption that France is a greater nation than Italy may be true, but it is singularly unseasonable. In England there is little difference of opinion as to the merits and defects of GARIBALDI. His memory will be preserved in a friendly spirit, while his numerous absurdities will be either forgotten or perhaps recalled as amusing eccentricities.

THE GOVERNMENT AND IRELAND.

THE querulous indignation with which the supporters of the Government denounce every reference both in and out of Parliament to the proceedings which resulted in the liberation of Mr. PARNELL is beyond all question natural; it is not equally certain that it is wise. Repeated denials, when the evidence is against the denier, have from the time of the Apostle PETER downwards, and probably earlier, been both ineffectual and disastrous. The matter is not mended when the denier loses his temper. Into this unfortunate position the Government and its supporters have slipped, and impatience of language will not get them out of it. Lord GRANVILLE, if not a great

orator, is a ready and rather accomplished debater, an old hand at diplomacy, and famous for temper under trying circumstances. When, therefore, Lord GRANVILLE loses that temper, forgets his diplomacy and his debating, and has nothing to say in reply to so temperate a demand for information as that of Lord WATERFORD on Monday night, except that "This is the sort of nonsense which is talked about the Government compact," the suspicion inevitable in such cases at once attaches itself to him. What the Government and its defenders appear to forget altogether is that against their asseverations there are facts and documents. It is very likely that the whole story is not known even yet, and perhaps it may never be known. But enough is known to show that there was a compact, an understanding, and a negotiation precedent to that understanding, in the full meaning in which these three terms are usually employed by men of sense and honour. To amiable devotees like Lord ABERDARE, who are contented with repeating to themselves and the world that Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues are honourable men, and that therefore it must be all right, denial may be of some use. But, though there are apparently a large number of persons in England of Lord ABERDARE's stamp, there are at least some who have a slight perception of the value of evidence. It would be a compliment to these, and perhaps it might be more useful to his own party, if Lord GRANVILLE would not appear to consider that denial is equivalent to disproof. At first the thing was surprising, but, in a certain sense, explicable. Had there been silence on the part of the Government afterwards, critics might have been contented with a natural shrug and the remark of Colonel CRAWLEY's ambassador—"You don't stick at trifles, Mr. WENHAM." But the maintenance of the denial in the face of such proof as exists is not so much improper as childish.

However, it must be admitted that Lord GRANVILLE was hard basted. The speech of Lord COWPER was in many ways nearly as trying for him as that of Mr. FORSTER was the other day for Mr. GLADSTONE. It is true that the late Irish Viceroy, by diverging to the matter of Mr. STAPLES's allegation as to Mr. BURKE's opinions, supplied his much-tried leader with some kind of a weapon against Lord SALISBURY. It may be admitted that Lord SALISBURY might have done better not to quote this allegation. But Lord GRANVILLE's agitation made him fence badly even with the weapon which Lord COWPER put into his hands. Lord GRANVILLE is showing symptoms in his use of language of having kept company too long with Mr. GLADSTONE. The remark attributed to Mr. BURKE is in no sense a "hearsay story," and the speculations of Lord COWPER and other people as to what Mr. BURKE is likely to have said fall to the ground before the positive statement of a responsible and competent witness as to what he did say. That, however, is but a small matter. Whether Mr. BURKE thought Mr. GLADSTONE's policy ruinous and wrong some months ago may be argued about if any one pleases. It cannot be argued that Lord COWPER, Mr. GLADSTONE's late colleague, the late Viceroy of Ireland, did not think Mr. GLADSTONE's policy ruinous and wrong just before Mr. BURKE's death, for he says that he did. That policy was, he tells us, looked on in Ireland as "a complete surrender." That is another piece of positive evidence which is not affected by Lord COWPER's view of Lord SALISBURY's conduct, or even by his opinion as to the existence of an agreement. Moreover, Lord COWPER has strengthened the case against the Government in reference to the Kilmainham affair in another way. Although he was still Lord-Lieutenant at the time, we now know, on his own positive authority, that he was kept entirely in the dark as to the negotiations, or, if Mr. GLADSTONE likes, the information. He was so astounded at the telegram announcing the decision of the Government, that he could not at first believe it. This is remarkably difficult to reconcile with the Government theory that the release was the result of a long-considered plan based on information, and arrived at by the Government of its own free will. It is perfectly consistent with the negotiation theory. In the former case the Ministry would naturally have referred matters to Lord COWPER, in the latter they naturally would not.

However, it is possible to agree to a certain extent with the protesters against the re-discussion of the Kilmainham Treaty. Every fresh discussion blackens the Government a little more, it is true; but it is not pleasant to listen to their repeated denials of proved facts. The ears of an Englishman who remembers that these persons re-

present his country tingle a little at this Ministerial cursing and swearing. The case against the Government is, by the testimony of Lord COWPER, quite complete. The depositions are sufficient. They had better now be laid aside with the other contents of that singular *dossier* which is already well stuffed, and which is lying ready for Mr. GLADSTONE's day of reckoning with the country. At present there are other matters which require attention—matters, however, which are by no means unconnected with this Kilmainham business. The PRIME MINISTER's answer to Mr. FITZPATRICK on Tuesday may have reminded some members of the House of Commons (not without supplying them at the same time with a subject of amusement) of the solemn occasion when Mr. GLADSTONE came down to protest against the wickedness of the Peers in proposing to inquire into matters connected with the Land Act, and proceeded to stop the business of the House for a fortnight in order to give effect to that protest. All the points as to which, even in their debate on the subject, the Lords chiefly proposed to inquire, now, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, require attention—arrears, purchase, emigration. It may be said that several things have happened since the crime of the Lords; it is certain that one has—the Treaty of Kilmainham. On the same night DAVITT, about to depart for America, gave at Liverpool an elaborate account of what may be called the last programme of the other party to that treaty. It will be said, of course, that DAVITT and the Irish Parliamentary party are different; those who have followed Irish affairs know them to be only so far different that DAVITT is more outspoken and possibly more disinterested. The nationalization of the land under an Irish Parliament is DAVITT's new platform of two planks only. The landlords are to have twenty years' purchase of half the present rental, and "Castle rule" is to be abolished. The confident tone in which the founder of the Land League speaks of this is not, like most Irish confidence, bombastic or rhetorical. The Treaty of Kilmainham has, as it was logically certain to do, assured DAVITT that anything whatever can be squeezed out of Mr. GLADSTONE, and Home Rule and half-price to the landlords are to be the terms of the next compact. There is no need to discuss either of these things at present. Without knowing it, Mr. GOSCHEN gave at the Mansion House the short and simple answer to the first—that Ireland is united to England for better, for worse, and that no dissolution of partnership can be admitted as possible. As for the financial part of the scheme, and the curious half-communist notion of rent-tax with which it is connected, that may be left alone. It is not an uninteresting subject of discussion in itself, but it is not at present in a condition of "actuality." But the tone of the speech and the character of its demands indicate perfectly well what is to be expected on one side. The experience of the past also indicates what may be feared, if not positively expected, on the other. Mr. GLADSTONE stands in a manner pledged to the consideration, at least, of schemes of Home Rule; he stands pledged still more definitely to a kind of earnest of the great bribe which DAVITT demands. From half the arrears to half the value of the fee-simple is a long way certainly; but the two proposals differ more in degree than in kind. Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues, whatever may be their merits, have been shown by the late transactions to be completely manageable; the last vestige of private judgment seems to have gone with Mr. FORSTER. It is true that Lord HARTINGTON, at least, has on record a manful declaration of faith as to Home Rule. But it is so long since then, and words are so easily explained away.

THE FIRST REFORM BILL.

IT is natural that the expiration of half a century from the date of the Reform Bill should suggest reflection on its operation and results. Frivolous and shallow politicians take the opportunity of taunting former prophets of evil with the supposed falsification of their gloomy anticipations; and they draw the conclusion that further progress in the democratic direction is justified, and indeed required, by the success of the first experiment. It is not surprising that timid or cautious politicians should have been alarmed by changes which were considered by some of the supporters of the Bill to bear a revolutionary character. Only three years before the introduction of the

Reform Bill, the accession of CANNING to the office of Prime Minister had apparently satisfied all Liberal aspirations; nor was it considered a drawback to his merits that he was irreconcilably opposed to all Parliamentary Reform. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, then holding but secondary rank in his party, periodically moved resolutions in favour of Reform which excited little interest in the country. Sweeping innovations might perhaps have been postponed if some of the most startling anomalies in the representative system had been gradually corrected. The Duke of WELLINGTON was in some degree responsible for precipitating the change by his opposition to the transfer of the franchise from East Retford to a great manufacturing town, and by his assertion that the Constitution as it existed was absolutely faultless. His wiser colleagues, and especially Sir ROBERT PEEL, disapproved of the rash declaration; and it is known that the Duke himself was unconscious that he had uttered anything but a generally accepted commonplace. A few years before all the party, including CANNING and his followers, had said the same; but in 1830 the excitement caused by the French Revolution of that year had suddenly converted a supposed truism into an audacious paradox. The Swing riots and the general distress of the population provoked political discontent; and Lord GREY's Government, on succeeding to power, was pledged, not only by the former professions of its members, but by general feeling and opinion, to introduce a large measure of Parliamentary Reform. Nevertheless, Lord JOHN RUSSELL's statement of the provisions of the Bill excited universal astonishment; and there is little doubt that it would have been summarily rejected if PEEL had taken a division on the first reading. On the whole, the Ministers judged rightly in making an indispensable measure so comprehensive as to satisfy almost all the supporters of Reform. Lord MELBOURNE explained to Mr. GREVILLE his own participation in a scheme which he heartily disliked, on the sufficient ground that a smaller change would not have effected its purpose.

The forebodings of the opponents of the Bill were during many years supposed to have been erroneous and abortive. During the Reform contest they feared that the concession to popular demands would not be final, and that the precedent of extensive enfranchisement would be followed by an admission into the constituencies of the mass of the population. Lord SHAFTESBURY, one of the few surviving members of the House which passed the Reform Bill, states with perfect accuracy that the alarmists of fifty years ago fixed no date for the fulfilment of their predictions. Some of them thought that the degradation of the franchise would be postponed for twenty or thirty years; and, in fact, the agitation which ended for the time in the Act of 1867 began some years earlier. The further consequence of disturbance of the security of property and of the unsettlement of all established institutions is only now disclosing itself. Legislators perhaps ought to be satisfied with the credit of providing for good government during half a century; but Lord SHAFTESBURY and his early associates showed foresight, though they may have erred in practical judgment, when they apprehended the domination of the multitude, the introduction of secret voting, and the organic changes which are now contemplated by demagogues, as ulterior results of the Reform Bill. As far as they disapproved the measure in itself, experience has shown that they were in the wrong. The reformed House of Commons abolished many abuses, and in many instances its leaders exhibited great constructive power. The new Poor Law was perhaps its greatest, if not its most popular, achievement; and the Municipal Reform Act has, on the whole, worked satisfactorily, though the independence and efficiency of Corporations are now seriously threatened by the monopolists of the Birmingham organization. If the Reform Bill had not been passed, West Indian slavery would have lasted for some time longer; and it would have been impossible to abolish the Corn Laws, the Navigation Laws, and other restrictions on freedom of trade. The results of Corn-Law repeal have, like the consequences of the Reform Bill, confirmed the justice of the apprehensions which the measure provoked. The injury inflicted on landowners and farmers has in this case also been delayed for a whole generation. Even if it had been by general consent deemed inevitable, it would not have furnished any sufficient reason for maintaining the Corn Laws; and the good which has resulted from the Reform Bill perhaps preponderates over the dangers

which are now impending. It was found on trial that rank and property still retained considerable influence, which has since been destroyed by the mischievous innovation of the Ballot. Within two years from the passing of the Bill, a general election gave Sir ROBERT PEEL the command of more than three hundred members. From that time to their overthrow in 1841, the Whig Government had only a small majority, and Lord MELBOURNE and his colleagues were equally unable and unwilling to try revolutionary experiments. Sir ROBERT PEEL, during the early part of his administration, was scarcely troubled with opposition; and, but for the unfortunate complication arising from the Corn Laws, he might, to the great advantage of the nation, have retained office for the rest of his life. The ten-pound constituencies, though not ideally perfect, fairly represented the middle classes; and the freeholders and farmers of the counties maintained the legitimate influence of the aristocracy and landed gentry. But for the selfish ambition of two or three statesmen belonging to different parties, the Constitution as established by the Reform Bill might have lasted for a much longer time, especially if it had been judiciously modified so as to include the higher portion of the working class. Unfortunately Lord JOHN RUSSELL in the decline of his popularity attempted, in servile imitation of the Reform movement, to renew the triumphs of his youth, and Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE gambled away in a contest for power the best interests of the country. It is now understood that, in defiance of reason and common sense, the most ignorant, and perhaps the most dangerous, part of the population is to be entrusted with the franchise. As Mr. LECKY says in his last published volume, an increase of legislative and administrative wisdom is to be derived from an appeal to ignorance.

The enfranchisement of the working-classes has, contrary to the most probable expectations, apparently rendered the constituencies indifferent to the honour of the country. The miserable complications which have resulted from the French alliance in Egypt excite less popular interest than a Sunday Closing Bill. Another unforeseen consequence of an indiscriminate suffrage is the corresponding change in the relations of constituents and members. The sovereignty of Parliament is already impaired; and it is not improbable that members of the House of Commons may sink into the contemptible position of delegates. Mr. GLADSTONE himself not long since lamented the decline of the character of the House, which he traced to the effects of the first Reform Bill. It is doubtful, in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE'S authority, whether the standard of personal fitness has been perceptibly lowered. The present House contains many members of ability and cultivation, and, with few exceptions, the English and Scotch members hold respectable, if not elevated, positions. The bulk of the assembly is sufficiently intelligent, though debates in which obscure members take a part are naturally less interesting than when the right or practice of speaking was confined to a few Ministers and leaders of Opposition. The undoubted fact that no former Parliament commanded less respect than the present is in some degree explained by the growing tendency of ambitious politicians to appeal from the House to the populace. A still more serious infringement of the supremacy of Parliament consists in the dictation of Committees or Caucuses. It is impossible to attach moral weight to the decisions of a House of Commons which deferred to the orders of the Federated Associations or their managers by supporting the measure for closing debates. Usurpations of this kind were not anticipated when the Reform Bill was passed. They will become more general and more pernicious as the constituencies are swamped by the enfranchisement of farm-labourers, and when the better classes retire in despair from political struggles. A packed House of Commons, pledged to servile obedience to a Minister, may do much harm by perverse legislation, but it will not be able to govern the country.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY AND THE PANAMA CANAL.

IT was easy to foresee that no American Secretary of State would recede from the aggressive pretensions which were first advanced by Mr. BLAINE. In the United States, even more than in other countries, politicians can-

not afford to be outbid by their rivals. The actual PRESIDENT and Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN accordingly announce themselves as not less patriotic than their immediate predecessors in office. The despatch of last month relating to the Panama Canal is as peremptory in tone and as shallow in argument as the similar State paper which Lord GRANVILLE has already answered, and it is more laboriously ingenious. Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN, profiting by criticisms on Mr. BLAINE'S original statement of claim, virtually admits that the so-called MONROE doctrine has never been accepted as a doctrine of international law. He reminds Lord GRANVILLE that the declaration was originally issued at the instance of the English Government; nor can it be denied that Mr. CANNING displayed a remarkable want of foresight in his attempt to enlist the sympathies of the American Government in his diplomatic contest with the Holy Alliance. The great Continental Powers had at that time undertaken the suppression of revolutionary movements in Europe; and it was thought or said that at their instance France might perhaps interfere on behalf of Spain with the independence of the revolted South American colonies. Mr. CANNING consequently invited the Government of the United States to protest against the establishment of European despotism in any part of the Western Continent. Mr. MONROE and his Cabinet gladly took the opportunity of declaring that they would not look with favour on the supposed project of intervention. America was, according to their contention, no longer open to foreign settlement or conquest, and any invading Power must be prepared to encounter the hostility of the United States. As no design of the kind had ever been seriously entertained in Europe, Mr. CANNING'S application might have been conveniently withheld, though the Americans would perhaps have taken some other opportunity of preparing the way for a claim of paramount control of the affairs of North and South America. The MONROE manifesto contained no reference to the English possessions in the West Indies and Canada; nor was it pretended that the American Government had any right to impeach the sovereignty of Spain in Cuba. It would have then been thought absurd to threaten interference with the freedom of English commerce, or with the right of cultivating diplomatic intercourse with the South American Republics. Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN "anticipates that "Great Britain will not controvert an international doctrine which she suggested to the United States when "looking to her own interests, and which, when adopted "by this country, she highly approved." It may be allowable to make the most of Mr. CANNING'S blunder; but he certainly never admitted that the United States had any right to control the intercourse between the Atlantic and the Pacific. If the MONROE doctrine were limited to its alleged purpose and to its original form, it would have no bearing on the present controversy.

In more than one part of his argument Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN improves on his predecessor. As the pretensions of the American Government are without foundation in international law, while they directly contravene the stipulations of an existing treaty, Mr. BLAINE, relying probably on the baneful precedent of the Black Sea Treaty, gravely argued that national agreements made in different circumstances have no binding force, and that the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty was abrogated by the increase of the wealth and population in the Pacific States of the Union. Lord GRANVILLE'S conclusive reply, to the effect that the treaty provided for the very contingency which now for the first time occurs, probably suggested the expediency of discovering some more plausible pretext for an unfounded demand. Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN is equal to the occasion. He asserts that the treaty, though Mr. BLAINE made no attempt to explain it away, referred exclusively to a projected canal through the territory of Nicaragua. As M. LESSEPS'S canal is to be constructed in the dominions of another State, Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN apparently disputes, though his language is not free from ambiguity, the validity of the compact when it is applied to the Panama route. Being perhaps aware that the treaty expressly provides for the case of any inter-oceanic canal, Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN invents a still more preposterous argument. The English Government, he says, exercises sovereignty in Belize in violation of a supposed clause in the treaty which he judiciously abstains from quoting. It is quite certain that any usurpation or aggression of England in any part of the American continent would have been resented and denounced without

a moment's delay by the Government of the United States; yet no protest has at any time been made against the occupation, whatever may be its character, of British Honduras, which is specifically excluded from the only provision in the treaty that could affect the present question. Even Mr. BLAINE neglected to complain of the grievance which is vaguely indicated by Mr. FREELINGHUYSEN. "If Great Britain has violated 'and continues to violate that provision, the treaty 'is of course voidable at the pleasure of the States.' The States have not avoided the treaty which their Government proposes to violate, for the sufficient reason that the breach now imputed to England had never been suspected by the most acute and patriotic of American statesmen. In this and in other respects Mr. FREELINGHUYSEN is guilty of the logical fault which in the language of pleaders is known as a departure. The denunciation of a treaty because California has become rich and populous was sufficiently inconsistent with justice and common sense. It is more intolerable that the original excuse should be practically abandoned, and that the same conclusion should be reached by an entirely different road. If the treaty has been and is voidable at the pleasure of the United States, it was quite unnecessary to pretend that it had become obsolete by reason of a growth of population which had always been foreseen. Both Mr. FREELINGHUYSEN and Mr. BLAINE think it expedient to forget that the United States have already profited by the partial execution of the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty. The whimsical recognition afforded by England to a native King of the Mosquito Coast, though it had neither rational ground nor political importance, was thoroughly obnoxious to the American Government. The practical sovereignty, as far as there was any Government, was vested in the English Consul, who not unnaturally came into frequent collision with American functionaries. As a consequence of the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty, the kingdom and the King disappeared, perhaps in deference to the MONROE doctrine. It cannot be said that the new arrangement was disadvantageous to England; but it was a concession to American susceptibility.

"The President of the UNITED STATES" is, for the reasons which have been mentioned, "not warranted in 'making any engagement or admission respecting the 'extinct provisions of the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty.'" No such engagement or admission is required; but the American Government is morally bound to respect the engagements into which it voluntarily entered. It is difficult or impossible to compel a Great Power to perform its most binding obligations. If the treaty is violated, it will be in practice no longer operative, although it will still be legally and honourably binding. If all special agreements are set aside, the right of free navigation through the Canal is of vital importance. The stipulations of the treaty, as far as they refer to a state of war, would probably be superseded by a comparison of forces. The commercial issues involved in the dispute concern the English nation more seriously. An American protectorate of the Canal would almost certainly lead to the institution of differential duties, to the detriment of European trade. The American Government would undoubtedly treat the traffic through the Canal as a part of their coasting trade; and perhaps they might hereafter, on the same ground, demand a monopoly of transit. At present the shipping engaged in the trade between Europe and the Pacific coast of South America is principally English.

It is useless to enumerate all the inadmissible pretensions which are now, for the first time in the course of the controversy, advanced by the American SECRETARY of STATE. In one passage of his despatch he boldly refers to "the length of time during which Great Britain 'has recognized the protectorate of the States in 'Panama under the treaty with New Granada.'" This claim also had escaped the ingenuity of Mr. BLAINE, and there is no reason to suppose that New Granada has at any time acknowledged the existence of an American protectorate. Lord GRANVILLE will probably decline to answer in detail a string of arguments which had apparently not occurred to the American Government when it first claimed the control of the projected Canal. By similar methods it would be possible to abrogate the provisions of any treaty, and to substitute for international equity the separate interests of any State which had power to assert its pretensions. The Americans at present own no territory within a thousand miles of any part of the

Canal, and some portion of the English dominions is considerably nearer; but the question does not turn on comparative proximity. It seems from some expressions at the end of the despatch that its immediate purpose is rather domestic than diplomatic. Mr. FREELINGHUYSEN remarks that, as the Canal is not yet begun, several years must elapse before the questions which form the subject of his communication will be practically raised. It is not apparent whether he wishes to deprecate discussion; but he has probably attained one part of his object in the universal assent and applause of American newspapers. One of them contains the significant suggestion that Mr. FREELINGHUYSEN has obtained a great triumph over Mr. BLAINE. The rights and interests of England ought not to serve as counters in the game of American parties. There is undoubtedly reason to fear the consequences of M. LESSEPS's new enterprise. Recent events have shown the wisdom and foresight of Lord PALMERSTON in opposing from first to last the scheme of the Suez Canal. But for the existence of the short maritime passage between the West and the East there would be no Egyptian question. The connexion of the Atlantic with the Pacific may lead to a New Granada controversy, which may be still more troublesome and dangerous.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE ARCHBISHOPS.

THE Archbishops of ROUEN, PARIS, and RHEIMS, and the Bishops of MEAUX, CHARTRES, and VERSAILLES, have published some very weighty and temperate observations on the ecclesiastical measures now before the French Chambers. These observations are addressed to the Senators and Deputies—this being the form in which the Archbishops think it most respectful to the powers that be to embody the remonstrances which, in view of the unusual character of the proposed legislation, it is their duty to offer. In order to deprive their adversaries of any pretext for misrepresentation, they have forborne to associate the whole episcopate with this document. It is simply the expression of the views of certain bishops who, from the close neighbourhood in which their dioceses stand to one another, have unusual opportunities of talking over the concerns of the Church. They cannot, they think, be accused of meddling with politics when it is remembered that they have waited to speak until upwards of twenty ecclesiastical Bills have been introduced into the Chamber of Deputies. The most sweeping of these measures has for its object the abolition of the Concordat and the separation of the Church from the State. This proposal entirely misconceives the place which religion occupies in the social system of France. It treats the belief and worship of the immense majority of the nation as a mere individual opinion. It takes no account of an influence which, in the estimation of this majority, governs the whole domain of human life. It places the negations of the atheist on the same level with the convictions of a whole people. Before these things can be attempted with any prospect of success the thoughts and wishes of the country must have undergone a profound change. Where, the Bishops ask, is there any proof that this change has taken place? The abolition of the Concordat would carry with it the suppression of the Budget of Public Worship. The payments which this Budget assures to the clergy were solemnly substituted by the Constituent Assembly for the property of which the Church had been deprived. If this substitute is taken away without this property being restored, or compensation made in any other form, France will witness a repetition of the evils to which the Concordat was designed to put an end. This prospect might possibly be contemplated without serious alarm if the Church were allowed to appeal freely to the devotion of her children for the maintenance of public worship. But under the existing laws, laws which the Legislature seems disposed to strengthen rather than modify, the greatest possible difficulties are thrown in the way of voluntary endowments. The consequence, therefore, of the abolition of the Budget of Public Worship will be to withdraw from the Church the income she has now, while preventing her from making good the deficit by the only means which she can command.

Others of the measures now before the Chambers stop short of the abolition of the Concordat. But the spirit in which they are framed is not less hostile to the Church.

She is not ignored, but she is subjected to a kind of interference which is always vexatious and sometimes injurious. The liberty of the Church is attacked if the State undertakes to determine what teaching shall be given in ecclesiastical seminaries or to limit the right of the bishops to open ecclesiastical schools, if a curate can be moved from parish to parish or one parish be merged in another without the consent of the bishop, and, above all, if young men preparing for orders are compelled to serve their time in the army. The Church is pillaged when the incomes of canons are suppressed and no grants made to ecclesiastical seminaries, when the communal authorities are relieved of the duty of contributing towards the maintenance of the fabrics, and enabled to lay hands upon much that has hitherto been included among the revenues of the Church, and generally when the whole system which the first Napoleon so carefully built up is thoughtlessly assailed. The independence of the Church is threatened when the State does not content itself with punishing the clergy for offences against the common law but creates a long series of ecclesiastical offences for which it deals out punishments by its own tribunals. The same temper which has led the Legislature to take such projects as these into consideration has already prompted it to erase religion from the necessary subjects of instruction, to forbid the clergy to enter the schools, and to direct the teachers not to teach the Catechism to their scholars. Other provisions which will shortly become law aim at throwing additional difficulties in the way of secondary instruction of the kind that Catholics wish their children to receive. The religious orders have at all times been a chief instrument in the hands of the Church, whether for preaching, for teaching, or for works of charity. These orders have become the victims of laws the validity and interpretation of which have never been subjected to any impartial test; and it is now proposed to make it penal in any French citizen to take monastic vows. All these measures are characterized by one common purpose: they seek to destroy or weaken the religion of the majority of Frenchmen. The ecclesiastical legislation of the first Revolution had the same object, and for a time it was completely successful. But, though its authors were able to destroy, they were not able to build up; and when BONAPARTE was called in to rebuild the fabric of French society, his first act was to invoke the co-operation of the Church which had been so ostentatiously destroyed only ten years before. If the Concordat is abolished without the consent of the POPE; if the supply of clergy is interfered with by the imposition of military service upon the Seminarists; and if an attempt is made to reconstitute in fact, if not in name, the Constitutional Church of the first Republic, the work of BONAPARTE will be undone, and the mischiefs which forced him to undertake it will again prevail. The Archbishops protest that they do not concern themselves with the changing fortunes of parties or dynasties. It is not the Republic that they attack, but the particular policy with which the Republic now insists on identifying itself. In defending the interests of the Church they are defending the interests of the commonwealth. The public peace is threatened by the war which is now declared against Christian beliefs. Such a war is certain to excite the most obstinate resistance on the part of those attacked, because they will be fighting in defence of faith and conscience. What can the Republic hope to gain from thus dividing the nation into two hostile camps, and wantonly originating a conflict of which this generation will hardly see the end? The laws which determine the organization of the Church in France and its relations with the State may not be perfect. But for nearly a century they have given to the country the inestimable blessing of religious peace. If there is any need for their revision, common sense suggests that the Government should take counsel with the bishops, and, if need be, with the POPE, and introduce at leisure, and with no appeal to political passions, the amendments which it holds to be expedient.

We have reproduced the substance of the Archbishops' observations in some detail, because they seem to constitute, from the extreme moderation of their tone, the most formidable indictment against the recent policy of the Republic that has yet been drawn up. Nothing shows more clearly the revolutionary direction which that policy has assumed. It cannot be supposed that measures which recall the ecclesiastical legislation of the first Republic have any genuine attraction for the great

body of the French nation. If they are carried, it will be by the same supineness which allowed similar measures to be carried many years ago. A minority which hopes, through the indifference or timidity of the majority, to make its own fanatical theories the rule of national life is the most dangerous because the most reckless of revolutionary agents.

ETON.

TWO or three incidents have lately attracted special attention to an institution which is seldom long out of the thoughts of English society. On the usual festival of the 4th of June, celebrated this year on the 5th, not only were the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES at Eton, but their visit was made for a purpose which was of a solemn and touching kind. A screen in the chapel, erected to the memory of officers educated at Eton who fell in the Afghan and South African wars, was to be unveiled. Again, Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD has, in the *Nineteenth Century*, given a picture of a simple and manly nature which had been formed at Eton, and was so fresh from Eton that, when disease in the Cape campaign ended a happy and promising life, the young officer had scarcely ceased to be a schoolboy. Eton itself has also lately been the scene of a most unfortunate boating accident which cost a young life, but which offered at least the consolation to the school that the survivor had done all an Eton boy should have done, and could have done, to rescue his friend. The associations of the gathering on Monday had thus a cast of melancholy; but they all fostered the love of Eton boys, young and old, for their school, and confirmed them in the grateful and fond pride which even the name of Eton awakens in them. Eton, as the Head-Master justly said, is a school of character as well as a school of learning. The world would, perhaps, be inclined to say that it was more conspicuous as a school of character than of learning. But to say this is to be somewhat unjust to Eton. There must be in the nature of things many Eton boys who do not learn much at Eton. But the mass of Eton boys learn as much of what English public schools are supposed to teach as the mass of boys at any other school. In a very large number of boys there will be many who do not work and a few who do, and the few who work at Eton are taught to work in a very neat and brilliant manner. Year after year and generation after generation Eton turns out a little band of sound and finished scholars. No school, again, has been more successful than Eton—perhaps no school has been so successful as Eton—in giving an opening to those boys who wish for work out of the ordinary classical path. The modern side, as it is generally called, is at Eton peculiarly successful. Incredible as it may seem, French and German are really taught at Eton; and there is fostered in the school a literary taste which has dwelt there, with fluctuations certainly, but with nothing like a visible eclipse, for the better part of a century, and which found expression on this Fourth of June in recitations full of spirit and feeling.

But it is no doubt as a school of character, a school of manners in the larger sense of the term, that it is best known to itself and to the world that hears of it. It is as a specimen of the character formed or finished at Eton that Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD dwells on the life of the lad who forms the subject of his notice and his comments. So skilful an artist is sure to handle every theme so as to mitigate to the utmost everything that could awaken the repugnance of his readers; but few readers can avoid a passing pang at finding the sacred veil of secrecy torn away from the artless communications of a lad to his mother. It is perhaps better for the world that the precincts of sorrowing homes should remain inviolate and that the best of Eton boys should not be put into a lay tract. But Mr. ARNOLD is quite justified in assuming that every reader must feel much admiration, and something of love, for this noble-minded, natural, and right-thinking boy. What, perhaps, adds to the interest of his short history is that he was not in any way very remarkable beyond other Eton boys. He was merely a handsome blossom of the standard Eton rose. It may even be said that he was very like all the good undistinguished boys who are produced at all public schools. But those who know public schools, and are interested in them, have long recognized that each public school offers a type of its own. Amid general resemblances there are slight differences, and the Eton boy is not so absolutely

like the whole flock of public schoolboys that a shepherd of very moderate cunning cannot recognize him among them. The distinguishing marks of a typical Eton boy are happiness and naturalness. The boy has expanded in the sunshine of an easy, delightful life, and a thousand influences have conspired to teach him the last great secret of art in manners as in everything else, which is to have no art at all.

Mr. ARNOLD's comments are of the peculiar kind with which he has so repeatedly charmed, puzzled, or enlightened his readers. As in the pictures of a celebrated painter there is always sure to be somewhere a white horse with a man on it in a red coat, so in Mr. ARNOLD's disquisition there is sure to be somewhere the familiar group of Barbarians, Philistines, and Puritans. The excellences of his young Eton hero are to him the excellences partly of a Barbarian and partly of a Puritan. These excellences belong to types that he has long settled must soon fade away, and he is oppressed by the sad thought that this beautiful Eton flower is the flower of a tree to the root of which the axe has been laid. That everything earthly will certainly change, and, in a sense, perish, may be accepted as one of those general truths which no one denies and few remember. But there is perhaps more continuity in history than accords altogether with Mr. ARNOLD's theories. This late flower of the tree of Eton seems to be very like other flowers that bloomed centuries ago, and have continued to bloom in every century since. The characters in SHAKESPEARE'S English historical plays are in substance uncommonly like Eton boys. There is no apparent reason why a hundred years hence the Eton boy of that day may not think himself the true successor of the Eton boy of this day. Public schools, no doubt, help to form the national character, but the national character also forms public schools. It is difficult to see why there should be any break in this process of action and reaction. Far from being a decaying type, the Eton type seems to have that vitality which is shown by its being a permeating influence. Public schools are now very numerous; some have been invented, some have been restored to eminence; but all are getting more and more to exhibit, with characteristic differences, a general type, which is more or less the Eton type. England is being every day transformed, but it is being transformed by causes which operate as much from above as from below. If in England there are to be noticed a growing desire for political equality and a growing desire for an equality in the means of enjoyment, these democratic passions are in daily life largely tempered and softened by the increasing desire to approach to that type of character in the young, and therefore sooner or later in the old, which has bloomed, and blooms now, and will bloom again and again in the average honourable, kindly-natured Eton boy.

CONTINUOUS BRAKES AND LONDON HOUSES.

LONDONERS, at all events, seem likely to have enough of continuous brakes. In common with all railway travellers they have long desired them; and now that their prayer has been granted, they begin to yearn after that pre-scientific order of things when a train had to think about stopping half a mile before it reached a station. They have found out that for a train to pull up within its own length is a blessing that has two sides to it, and that on one of these sides the blessing threatens to prove a curse. Where railways are concerned, Londoners are not as other men are. Elsewhere railways mostly run above ground or under tunnels carried far beneath the surface. In London they are literally beneath our feet, and only separated from us by the distance of a flight of stairs. Under these conditions the action of the continuous brake assumes a new and unforeseen character. It does the work it was intended to do; but it does something else into the bargain. In proportion as the trains stop more quickly, the houses move more quickly. The vibration of a commonplace brake they understand, and have grown accustomed to. It makes a window rattle or a chandelier swing, and then all is over. It is true that these little incidents recur at intervals of about a minute and a half; but a Londoner soon comes not to care for this, or rather ceases to be conscious of it. There are some incidents, however, of which it is impossible not to be conscious. If the vibration of a continuous brake did but make a house rock, custom would soon make the sensation familiar. But

when it promises not to make a house rock only but to bring it down about the ears of the occupant, it is too much to expect that as time goes on he will cease to murmur at the lot which has placed him just above the Underground Railway. When use and wont do but bring the day nearer when he will have to fly for his life or consent to be buried beneath the ruins, it is not to be expected that they will make the prospect any sweeter. It is of no avail to tell him of the wonderful things which the continuous brake enables an engine-driver to do. He listens with loathing to stories of trains that one moment are travelling at full speed and the next are standing motionless beside the platform. The very word motionless does but renew his grief. It is what his house once was and now is not.

In a letter in the *Times* of Monday the Duke of WESTMINSTER tells us what the continuous brake is doing on his vast London estate. "Residents in parts of 'Pimlico,' he says, 'complain that since the continuous brakes have been used their houses are scarcely habitable, and, indeed, are likely to fall from excessive vibration.' If this statement were made by the residents themselves it might not be worth very much. When compensation is in the air the senses often become preternaturally acute. But the Duke of WESTMINSTER is not likely to have taken up the cause of these residents unless he had satisfied himself that their complaints are reasonable. It would be a very Quixotic ground-landlord who rushed into controversy with a Railway Company without inquiring whether the householders whose spokesman he makes himself have any genuine reason for feeling aggrieved. The Duke of WESTMINSTER says plainly why it is that he has moved in the matter. His estate surveyor 'reports that the evil is 'a most serious one,' and is of opinion that 'some grave disaster is likely to occur, involving loss of life, unless 'steps be taken to remedy it.' Surveyors are not the men to turn too ready an ear to complaints of this kind. To admit that a house is likely to fall is *prima facie* to admit that it is not strongly built, and unless a surveyor is honestly convinced that the alleged danger really exists he will be inclined to put the complaint aside. To make it the subject of a report to his employer, and to word that report so strongly that his employer is moved to take prompt action in regard to it, are clear proofs that the surveyor himself sees serious cause for alarm. In the present state of the law the householders have no remedy. Vibration—so at least the Secretary of the District Railway Company assures the Duke of WESTMINSTER's solicitor—has been decided not to be a ground for compensation. Taking this as a correct statement of the law, it merely shows that a new state of facts has arisen since the time that the law was declared. Because Railway Companies were not liable to make compensation in respect of vibration when vibration meant only a passing annoyance, it does not follow that they ought not to be liable when vibration involves the eventual destruction of the buildings which it shakes. The courts of law may consent to review their former decision in the light of this new and momentous fact; but, if they do not see their way to doing this, a case has certainly been made out for Parliamentary inquiry, and probably for Parliamentary interference.

The only argument that can be urged against the householders is founded on the very sound doctrine that life in London can only be carried on by a liberal application of the give-and-take principle. Houses may be shaken by passing trains, and so far the occupant is inconvenienced. But then he himself may constantly travel by these trains, and in this way he is recompensed in the latter character for any annoyance he may sustain in the former. To this it may be answered, first, that the question is essentially one of degree. In consideration of the speed with which he is carried to his business, the London householder may very well put up with the smaller annoyances to which the Underground Railway exposes him. But when it comes to the actual or probable destruction of his house, the balance is not fairly struck. No rapidity of progress towards the City in the morning can make up for the prospect of finding, on returning in the evening, that you have no longer a roof to cover you. Is it conceivable that if the District Railway Bill were now before Parliament the complaint now urged against continuous brakes would be disregarded, or that a Report from a Select Committee should contain some such passage as this? "Your Committee have taken

"evidence as to the effect of the continuous brake on the stability of the neighbouring houses, and they are satisfied that their fall is only a question of time. But they are of opinion that the advantages which the metropolis will derive from the construction of the railway are so great that no compensation is due to the owners or occupiers of the houses in question." If this is plainly an impossible view to have taken of the question had continuous brakes been in use when the District Railway Bill was under debate, it is an equally impossible view to take in face of the introduction of continuous brakes since the Bill was passed. What Parliament meant to authorize was a railway with such an amount of vibration as was caused by the brakes then in use, and there is every reason why it should reconsider the question when the brakes then in use have given place to others of a different and far more powerful kind. There is another respect in which the give-and-take argument fails to touch the present question. If the complaints brought against the continuous brake can be made good, householders who live near the Underground Railway are subject to special disadvantages. But the mere existence of the Underground Railway gives them no special compensations. They profit by it just as every other Londoner profits by it. If, therefore, they get nothing in return for the annoyances to which they, and they alone, are exposed, the Underground Railway will, to that extent, have been made at their cost. That is not an arrangement to which Parliament ought to give its consent, even when that consent takes the unobtrusive form of acquiescence after the fact.

LOANS TO WORKING-MEN.

LORD DERBY was framed by nature to be an adviser to the working classes. What he says to them is marked, not only by excellent common sense, but by a kind of intellectual sympathy which is much rarer and much more valuable than mere emotional sympathy. The difficulty with very rich men in dealing with the poor is to know where the shoe pinches. They are quite aware that it must pinch somewhere, perhaps in a good many places at once; and they are quite ready to feel for the suffering thereby caused. But this, after all, is only an abstract compassion, which does not in any way qualify them to give either help or counsel. Lord DERBY seems to know by a curious instinct what poverty really means—what is the precise way in which it affects a man, and how he can best hold his own against it. When this rare characteristic is found in a man of great possessions, it is more useful than in men of smaller means, because it is combined with the large experience which the careful administration of great wealth naturally brings with it. The Honorary Secretary of a new Loan Society lately wrote to Lord DERBY to ask his opinion of the plan on which it was proposed that the business should be carried on. Many men would have at once thrown such an application into the waste-paper basket. Loan Societies have a bad name, and it is a very general opinion that borrowing is not a practice which it is well to encourage among the poor. Lord DERBY does not judge matters of this sort by any hard-and-fast rule. Loan Societies have earned for themselves a very doubtful reputation; but that may only prove that they have been organized for questionable ends or worked by questionable methods. A new Loan Society may rise superior to both these faults. It may be founded strictly for the benefit of the poor, and it may be carried on with a constant reference to the principles which underlie all sound business. The first thing to be considered, therefore, is whether borrowing is ever legitimate among the poor. The arguments mostly urged on the other side are that, if the poor have been properly thrifty, they will not want to borrow; and, if they do want to borrow, there can be very little hope that they will ever pay the money back. The first of these objections Lord DERBY quietly puts aside. Thrift can never make borrowing unnecessary, partly because some sudden need may arise before there has been time for a working-man to save money, and partly because those who have not begun to save money early will sometimes want a place of repentance when the importance of saving has been brought home to them in later life. In either of these ways cases will constantly arise in which a

working-man will be in urgent want of five, or ten, or twenty pounds, and, supposing that life and health last, will be very well able to repay it in a year or two's time. Ordinarily speaking, however, he has no means of borrowing such a sum. The existing Loan Societies may work very well for their managers, but they seldom work well for the applicant. He may find his employer willing to lend him the money, but the relation of borrower and lender is rarely a pleasant one, and there is a demoralizing consciousness on both sides that, if the debt is not paid, it will probably have to be forgiven. A rich man does not like taking interest from a poor man, and yet, if he does not take interest from him, the transaction is not a loan, but a gift. Lord DERBY brings out this distinction with cruel, but necessary, plainness. "I have never been able," he says, "to understand the distinction drawn by those philanthropists who argue that to give money is pauperizing, but to lend it without interest produces no corresponding effect. The two things are identical. If I lend a man 100*l.* for a year free of interest, I am, in effect, making a present of the 4*l.* or 5*l.* which the capital lent would otherwise have brought me; the form of a gift is no doubt avoided, but a gift it is in fact."

A Loan Society is able to keep clear of this difficulty. If it can once be started on a sound basis, there is no delicacy on the part of the lenders about taking interest, or about resorting to the most effectual means at their command for enforcing the repayment of the principal. A Society is an impersonal lender, and from an impersonal lender a borrower does not look for favour. He is quite content if he meets with the honest dealing which becomes an ordinary business arrangement. With such a Society to apply to, the young workman, overtaken by sudden misfortune before he has had time to put money by, or the middle-aged workman rudely awakened by the same cause to the value of the thrift which he has hitherto neglected, would be able to mortgage their future earnings on fair terms. The sacrifice would be considerable; but it would at all events be possible to make it, which it seldom is now, and when made, it would not be as ruinous in its consequences as it is now. The really essential condition to the success of such a Society is that it shall rest upon a sound business footing, and to ensure this the terms upon which loans are granted must not be made very easy. We said just now that a working-man, in urgent want of what to him is a considerable sum of money, will be very well able to repay it, supposing that life and health last. There must be a certain percentage of cases in which the borrower's life and health will not last, and the interest charged for loans must be fixed at a rate which will cover bad debts. There must always be a large element of risk about lending to a working-man. The only security he has to offer will commonly be his future labour; and, if he is an honest man and a good workman, that is a fairly satisfactory security so long as he is able to work. But the possibility of his not being able to work must always be allowed for, and this necessarily brings in risk. The lender under such circumstances must calculate his receipts so as to cover, not merely his loss while he is lying out of his money, but his loss if the money never comes back to him. It is useless to say that a Loan Society ought not to lend money except where repayment is certain. That is tantamount to saying that it ought not to lend money except upon thoroughly good security, and thoroughly good security is precisely what a working-man cannot give. "If such a Society," says Lord DERBY, "is to answer its purpose, loans must often be hazarded on security which is not the best; upon such loans losses must be expected, and they can only be met by allowing a large margin of profit if the association is to be self-supporting, consequently the rate of interest must be comparatively high." It should be high enough, that is, to cover the chances of a borrower's being unable to pay the loan back. Whether there are sufficient data on which to calculate these chances is another question. To answer their purpose such data should show what percentage of working-men at such and such ages will be incapacitated by death or by permanent inability to work from earning the wages on their receipt of which their ability to repay a loan depends. There will remain, of course, two other considerations of equal importance, but not, perhaps, of equal difficulty. The Society must exact very conclusive evidence as to the character and circumstances of the applicant for a loan; and it must

arm itself with every available means of enforcing payment in those cases in which the evidence as to character has been incorrect, and the borrower seeks to evade repayment, even though he has or might easily obtain the means of making it. There is no doubt, as Lord DERBY says, that the difficulties which such a Society has to contend with will be considerable; but there is reason to hope that he is also right in saying that they are difficulties "which it ought not to be impossible to remove." If they can be removed, and if self-supporting Loan Societies can be organized on an adequate scale, and on proper business principles, they will confer a substantial benefit on a class which is exceptionally liable to the demands of unexpected disaster.

"UNCOMMON NONSENSE ABOUT MANY THINGS."

THERE is something very captivating about a really sporting proposition. Such a proposition is to be found in a little book the title of which, *Common Sense about Women*, we have taken the liberty to borrow, with some unimportant modifications, for this article. The author is Mr. T. W. Higginson; and, though his book appears with the imprint of London publishers (Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), it is pretty obviously American. Mr. Higginson does us the honour not to agree with us on the subject of the equality of the sexes, and this is his rebutting argument on the physical part of the matter:—"Set either the House of Lords or the *Saturday Review* contributors upon a hand-to-hand fight against an equal number of navvies or costermongers, and the patricians would have about as much chance as a crew of Vassar girls in a boat-race with Yale or Harvard." Mr. Higginson evidently does not think much of us physically; yet there is something polite in his manner of proposing this little "crib." And the intended inference is flattering; for he clearly means that, though the navvies would thrash us, we are their political and intellectual equals. The worst of it is that the match is one where a great many conditions would have to be settled. Are the House of Lords and the staff of this periodical, without any previous training, to go into action with selected navvies chosen by Mr. Higginson? or are we to have fair warning and a strictly fortuitous selection of our much more numerous adversaries? If the former is the case, without venturing to answer for the other patricians, we think that Mr. Higginson is rather guilty of "the fault of the Dutch." Still the suggestion is, as we have said, a sporting one; and when the House of Lords, from Lord Grey and Lord Shaftesbury downwards, has taken its turn, or declined the match, it will be time for us to consider the place, time, and rules of the fray. We shall warn Mr. Higginson that, in his pardonable ignorance of English affairs, he has made a grave error in allowing the alternative of costermongers. There have been pugilistic "costers" certainly, and the profession is sometimes brawny, but its physique generally is not at the present time formidable. However, this is a detail, and the principal point is to bring to the reader's notice this chivalrous transatlantic proposal for settling the question between man and woman by a set to between either the House of Lords or the staff of the *Saturday Review*, or both, and an equal number of navvies and costermongers, with, we presume, proper allowances for weight, age, previous pugilistic record, &c. Such a challenge ought not to go unanswered. But the House of Lords is a scattered body, and the contributors to the *Saturday Review* are not to be mustered at a moment's notice. Mr. Higginson must really give us patricians time.

As, however, Mr. Higginson does not propose himself as an antagonist, the obligation of instantly lifting his glove is, according to the strictest laws of the duello, not immediate. But as he is ready, if not with his fists, with his arguments, we are bound to be ready for him there. It must be confessed that there is no great chivalry in this readiness. If Mr. Higginson's navvies and costermongers are not more expert at *ferio* in the linguistic sense than he is with *ferio* in the logical, we shall in the great Armageddon to come put our money on our own side, and even spare a little to back the other patricians. He undertakes to prove, in spite of the late Mr. Darwin, that "woman has already overtaken man in some of the highest intellectual departments—as, for instance, prose fiction and dramatic representation." What is to be done with a man who calls prose fiction and dramatic representation some of the highest intellectual departments? And, further, what is to be done with a man who forgets that in some couple of thousand years since Corinna and Sappho women have had a fair chance with men in what is actually a highest intellectual department, and have succeeded in scoring about one in fifty second places and no first place at all. But Mr. Higginson, to do him justice, seems to have as little idea of comparing his own statements in any logical fashion as if he were Prime Minister of England. He has, as we have seen, scornfully denounced the suggestion of an intellectual difference between the sexes, relying, Heaven help him! for his physiology on Buckle against Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley. Turn a few dozen pages, and one comes to the statement that "though for twenty years, at least, the path of literature has been as open to women as to men in America, how little, how very little, good literary work has been done by American women." This is, to say the least, odd on Mr. Higgin-

son's theory. So, again, he informs us that we are not to think of woman only as a wife and mother, which is quite right. Later he argues elaborately against women earning their living separately from their husbands when they are wives and mothers, which is quite right also. But it appears that the peculiarities of wifehood and motherhood are only to be construed in favour of the lucky subject, not against her. She is not to be dependent (Mr. Higginson is indignant at her having to ask her husband even for an allowance, because that implies dependence); but, on the other hand, she is not to be bothered with earning her own living. "It is certainly the normal condition of woman to be a wife and mother," says Mr. Higginson gravely. Yet the whole of his book is based—as far as it is based on anything except sentiment—on the supposition that it is not the normal condition of woman to be a wife and mother. He talks about "the divine destiny of motherhood"; he admits that to educate a girl like a boy may most probably make the girl an invalid for life; and then he proceeds to argue in favour of the equality of the sexes. Logically speaking, there is not much fight in Mr. Higginson; the notion of relying on navvies and costermongers to fight his battles seems to have somehow weakened even his mental muscles.

However, it is only by way of suitably acknowledging the remarkably picturesque offer referred to at the beginning of this article that we have treated Mr. Higginson seriously. He is really a very amusing person, not merely on the great woman question, but on many others. Not often have we come across an American who believes more devoutly in America. Every one, for instance, who considers the matter impartially sees one of the greatest weaknesses of democracy, and of American democracy especially, in the repugnance of Americans to work, and especially to housework, carried on under others. The real fact, it seems, is that American men and women are so extremely superior that they are too good for menial occupations. "They feel that the post for the American is rather in command than in the ranks" (which, it may be observed, probably explains why in the Civil War they let the Germans and the Irish figure in the ranks for them). "Besides, I do not blame the American woman for refusing to accept a position in which society talks about 'master' and 'servant,' just as I do not blame, but applaud, the American man for refusing to wear livery." There is something in the intense snobbishness of this (for snobbishness it is, though of a different variety from any which Thackeray classified) which is very pleasant and recreative to consider. It is too hastily considered that snobbishness is the parasite only of an aristocratic society. It would be more historically and philosophically correct to say that it is essentially democratic, but requires a certain vicinage and contrast of aristocracy to bring it out. The great difference of wealth, of race, and the like which now exists in America provides this contrast; and just as there is now no such complete example of snobbishness in the old sense as the conduct of certain Americans in Europe, so there would appear to be a new and perfect development arising in America itself. Did it never occur to Mr. Higginson that nothing can degrade a man which is not in itself dishonest or dishonourable, and that to apply a shoe-brush to a shoe is certainly no more degrading than to hand it over the counter in exchange for a shilling? He has a sentiment not unlike this in his own book; but with characteristic inconsistency he applauds his self-respecting countrymen and countrywomen in the very same paragraph for declining masters and refusing livery.

Another delightful passage in Mr. Higginson occurs in a chapter on "Foreign Education." A good Protectionist (which Mr. Higginson, as being a good American, ought to be) naturally objects to this. But Mr. Higginson's grounds of objection are not openly protectionist. "She" (the young woman of Mr. Higginson's dreams) is, it seems, "almost sure to have missed in Europe" mathematics, logic, rhetoric, metaphysics, political economy, physiology, natural science, and any language, literature, and science except those of modern Europe. Without logic, rhetoric, metaphysics, &c., what is the good of a young woman? We shall not embark on the wide and perilous ocean of an answer to that question, but merely point out that unless Mr. Higginson is thinking of French schools only, in which case he should say so, Europe the effete is quite up to the mark in these respects. Either in England or in Germany American young ladies can be warranted likely (while learning to some extent to disuse their charming natural intonation) to acquire quite as good a smattering of all these things as at Vassar or Ann Arbor—we trust we have not been deluded by the feminine name of the Michigan University in classing it among women's colleges. But Mr. Higginson's patriotism goes further than this. He "travelled on the Boston and Providence railroad with a party of mechanics, mostly English and Scotch." "These foreigners," he said, "who had found their own manhood by coming to a land which not only the Pilgrim Fathers, but the Pilgrim Mothers," &c. &c. Oh, soul of Podsnap! Why do we laugh at ourselves for being the most arrogant people in the universe, or at M. Victor Hugo for his opinion of the intellectual relations of Paris to the world, when a sane and well-meaning Yankee puts down in great gravity, and without the slightest intention of doing the Fourth of July business, the statement that a party of English and Scotch mechanics did not find their manhood till they went to America, and found it *ipso facto* by that process?

The agreeable effect of this makes us part from Mr. Higginson in charity, even though he does apparently pant for the time when the costermongers, after settling the House of Lords, shall demolish

us. His intentions are excellent; and, if the gods have not made him logical, he cannot help it. He may be assured that, in the opinion of a good many people who oppose the claims of his friends the women, the effect of granting those claims would be a great deal more uncomfortable for women themselves than for men; so that it is at least not selfishness which is behind the opposition. As far as we are concerned, he is quite welcome to enfranchise women, and to make marriage dissoluble by either party at twelve hours' notice, and to do anything else he likes—in America. It would not be the first time that America has acted as Helot to Europe, nor would it be by any means the least instructive of such exhibitions.

▲ SKETCH OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

ON whose hands the task may at some future period devolve of writing a life of Cardinal Newman it would be premature at present to surmise. But a man who has occupied for nearly half a century so prominent a place in the intellectual and religious history of his age could not well fail to become during life the subject of comment and criticism from various points of view, if not actually of biography, even apart from his holding, to use the words of Mr. Kegan Paul in an interesting sketch which he has contributed to the current number of *Century*, "a position of higher dignity than any other, not hereditary, in England." In one passage indeed of the *Apologia* the author speaks of having already had "what may be called the verdict of posterity" pronounced upon him. Much, no doubt, as Mr. Kegan Paul says, of the improved understanding about him was due to the publication, elicited by Mr. Kingsley's attack, of that fragment of autobiography; and hence it came to pass that, when the present Pope invested Dr. Newman with the "historic grandeur" of the Cardinalate, "even those who most repudiate the Papal claim rejoiced, though somewhat illogically, and felt that Englishmen were honoured when spiritual honour flowed on Dr. Newman from an authority which they do not recognize." Certainly if it was thought desirable by the editor of the *Century* that "a critical analysis of such a life and character should be presented by an outsider," he could hardly have made choice of a fitter critic than Mr. Kegan Paul for the purpose. It is true that Mr. Paul was never, like Mr. Anthony Froude—who not long ago gave us in another magazine his recollections of Oxford during the Tractarian revival—a personal disciple of Dr. Newman's, nor does he appear to have ever really shared his views; but he entered Oxford as an undergraduate before the stir created by Mr. Newman's secession had subsided, and when, as he says, the High Church movement of the day had reached its furthest water-mark, and "the ebb preceding the new movement which we call ritualism" had not yet begun. And although by some strange accident, which in view of what followed many have been inclined to consider providential, Dr. Pusey's was the name popularly identified with the movement of 1833, yet, "in spite of his long retirement at Littlemore, Newman's was the one potent memory in the University, alike a charm to conjure with and a dangerous force to execrate." And Mr. Paul himself was from the first in familiar intercourse with those who at Oxford had been Newman's friends and fellow-workers, and felt a keen interest, intellectual rather than doctrinal—for he was even then "a liberal of the liberals"—in the cause they had at heart, and the great leader whose defection had so gravely imperilled it. He is therefore qualified, as some of Dr. Newman's former disciples—whether they have followed him across the Rubicon, or gone off in an opposite direction, are not—by moral sympathy as well as from personal antecedents to produce a sketch at once independent and appreciative. We pass over the brief notice, mainly derived from the *Apologia*, of Dr. Newman's early years, and the first impression made on him by the *genius loci* at Oxford, where he found ready to hand "the dry bones of Catholic doctrines and observances," though they had become very dry. He was already beginning to be felt as a power in the University, though it wanted still five years to the formal opening of the new movement, when he was appointed in 1828 Vicar of St. Mary's, where he could speak to audiences both academic and parochial—for it soon became a growing habit with gownsmen to attend the Sunday afternoon service—and could speak as often and as freely as he pleased. "It was at this time," he says himself, "that I began to have influence, which steadily increased for a course of years." This influence was due not only to his sermons but also to the "boundless sympathy" he showed to those who, recognizing from his public teaching his remarkable discernment of character and knowledge of the human heart, sought his help and counsel privately. Mr. Paul cites the adverse testimony, from very opposite quarters, of Mr. Froude and Mr. Kingsley to the marvellous effect produced by those Oxford Sermons, which at first sight or first hearing may appear cold and dry, for there is usually a studied absence of rhetoric about them, while yet now and again "the words rise, as if unconsciously, to a lofty strain almost unequalled in the language, though even then the style is severe and simple"; and he adduces in illustration the oft-quoted passage on music in the great sermon on "Doctrinal Development," the last which the preacher delivered from the University pulpit.

From the commencement of the *Tracts for the Times* in 1833 till the abrupt close of the series in 1841 with the famous Tract

XO. events followed each other in pretty rapid succession. In 1836 came the Hampden affair, when for the moment the Tractarians triumphed; five years later the defeated party seized their opportunity of making reprisals. Of "the four Tutors" who signed the protest against Tract XO., Mr. Paul observes significantly that not one, with the exception of Mr. H. B. Wilson, afterwards Bampton lecturer, and one of the writers in *Essays and Reviews*, "had a claim at any time to be called a theologian." Dr. Tait indeed has been active, successful, and very able as tutor, head-master, and primate, but his great distinction will never be that of theologian. Meanwhile Mr. Newman, worried to death by his episcopal and "hebdomadal" assailants, had resigned St. Mary's and retired to Littlemore, where he undertook the editorship of a series of *Lives of English Saints*, to which some writers of mark, like Mr. Faber, Mr. Oakeley, and Mr. Dalgairns, contributed biographies of genuine historical and literary interest, whatever may be thought of their theological tendencies, and their ready condonation or acceptance of the miraculous incidents of the tale. There was, however, Mr. Paul thinks, one notable exception to their general literary integrity, and he is evidently anxious, as will appear from the closing words of his comment, to emphasize the point:—

One writer alone avowedly drew on his imagination. His conduct in so doing has always been regarded by those who knew the circumstances as an act of singular unfaithfulness to the dear friend of his dead brother. The "Life of Saint Bettelin" was intrusted to Mr. James Anthony Froude, and the following is the peroration of this very graceful work of fiction: "And this is all that is known, and more than all—yet nothing to what the angels know—of the life of a servant of God, who sinned and repented, and did penance and washed out his sins, and became a saint, and reigns with Christ in heaven." Mr. Froude has not alluded to it in his recent account of the Tractarian movement at Oxford; but the matter is not without interest, and may perhaps throw some light on his whole method of writing history and biography.

Mr. Paul goes very fully into the controversy about Tract XO., which raged for four years, and culminated in 1845 in the degradation of Mr. Ward, and the secession of the author himself. One leaflet which he reprints *extenso*, signed "Nemesis" and written, he assures us, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, then a Fellow of University College, was quite new to us, though its main argument reappears again and again in countless articles and essays of the late Dean of Westminster. It draws out in minute and elaborate detail an ingenious parallel between Mr. Newman's attack on Dr. Hampden in 1836 and the attack on himself in 1845. "The wheel is come full circle. The victors of 1836 are the victims of 1845. The victors of 1845 are the victims of 1836. The assailants are assailed, the assailed are the assailants. The condemnners are condemned, the condemned are the condemnners." Mr. Paul adds that Dean Stanley was always wont to attribute the collapse of the Oxford movement to the comic incident of Mr. Ward's marriage, but there was, as he points out, no real inconsistency in a strenuous advocate of clerical celibacy marrying when he had convinced himself of the nullity of his own orders; and moreover—which is more important—the curious fact that in the *Apologia* Mr. Ward's name is not once mentioned shows how little the author regarded him as the exponent of his own views. And Dean Stanley, "great as was his tolerance when he looked at anything from the side of the affections, was yet intellectually somewhat intolerant, and he was always a little inclined to minimize the Oxford movement."

It seemed strange at the time to many of his old admirers that Dr. Newman's first work as a convert should be the brilliant but decidedly sarcastic tale entitled *Loss and Gain*. Mr. Paul records an anecdote showing that one chief motive he had in writing it was to help "poor Burns"—the late High Church and afterwards Roman Catholic publisher—who had got into pecuniary difficulties through his change of faith. That little book gives one side only of Dr. Newman's estimate of the communion he had left—"his scorn for it as a Protestant establishment"; but there is another side, which Mr. Paul illustrates by apt quotations from his later works, proving that "he has been full of affectionate memories for it, so far as its offices had fostered devotion and Catholic truth." We need not follow the writer through the unpleasing history of the Achilli controversy and the abortive episode of "the Catholic University in Dublin," chiefly interesting for the masterly sketch it evoked of Dr. Newman's ideal of University education. Of far higher and more permanent interest, as bearing on his own mind and character, was the *felix culpa* of Mr. Kingsley's attack on his sincerity, which compelled him at last to break silence and speak out in self-defence, and compelled his countrymen, who, if suspicious, are "quick to recognize the ring of truth," frankly and generously to abandon their misjudgments of him. We must confess to entertaining considerable doubt whether, as Mr. Paul has been informed, the late Pope would have made Dr. Newman a Cardinal, had he known, or been allowed to know, all that his successor knew about him. But as Dr. Newman has lived on into a new pontificate, where his long services have at length been rewarded with the highest dignity in the power of the Church to bestow, the question is of no great practical importance. Mr. Paul gives us a pleasing description, which is much too long to quote here, of the ordinary routine of life in the Birmingham Oratory, and the part the Cardinal takes in it, and it is pleasant to hear *inter alia* that he has not lost his old Oxford taste for the violin, nor his right hand forgotten its cunning; "even now the fathers hear occasionally the tones awakened by the old man's hand ring down the long gallery near his room, and know that he has not lost the art he loved,

while he calms a mind excited from without, or rests from strenuous labour, in the creation of sweet sounds." It may be worth while, considering how much discussion there has been of late on the subject, to reproduce in conclusion an extract from a private memorandum which Mr. Paul has been allowed to print, "written by the Cardinal in reply to an inquirer, who wished to know the Catholic view on certain subjects, not in themselves the most important, but which were at the time of interest to him, and each of which answered incidentally several other questions of the same sort." There are probably many, both within and without his own Communion, who will be interested in learning Cardinal Newman's view on one of the vexed questions of modern theological controversy:—

Very little has been formally determined by the church on the subject of the authority of Scripture further than this, that it is one of the two channels given to us by which the *salutaris veritas* and the *morum disciplina* (in the words of the Council of Trent), which our Lord and his apostles taught, are carried down from age to age to the end of the world. In this sense Scripture is the "word of God," i.e., the written word.

There has been no formal definition on the part of the church that Scripture is inspired.

It is defined that Almighty God is *auctor utriusque Testamenti*. I do not know of any definition that he is *auctor omnium librorum* which belong to each Testament.

But it is not to be supposed that, because there is no definition on the part of the church that Scripture is inspired, therefore we are at liberty at once to deny it.

1. First, St. Paul's words cannot be passed over, *omnis scriptura divinitus inspirata*.

2. Next, the very strong opinion on the subject of the early fathers must be taken into account.

3. Thirdly, the universal feeling, or *φρόνημα*, of the church in every age down to the present time.

4. The consent of all divines, which, whatever their differences on the subject in detail, is clear so far as this, viz., that Scripture is true. This, when analyzed, I consider to signify this, viz., "Truth in the sense in which the inspired writer, or, at least, the Holy Ghost, meant it, and means to convey it to us."

Thus, though it be not proposed to us by the church *de fide* that we should accept the doctrine of the inspiration of Scripture, only that we must accept all the church teaches us to be in Scripture and teaches us out of Scripture, yet it is a matter of duty, for the first reasons I have given, not to encourage, to spread, or to defend doubts about its inspiration.

As to the extent of its inspiration, I do not see that the Council of Trent speaks of it as the authoritative channel of doctrine in other matters than faith and morals; but here, besides the four considerations above set down, I would observe that it is often a most hazardous process to attempt to enunciate faith and morals out of the sacred text which contains them. It is not a work for individuals. At last it has been felt and understood that faith and morals are not involved in a doctrine which Scripture seems to teach, that the earth is fixed and the sun moves over it. The time was necessary to ascertain the fact, viz., that the earth *does* move, and therefore that the divine spirit did not dictate these expressions of Scripture which imply that it does not, rather that He did not mean to convey that notion by these expressions.

As to the questions you put to me, I do not see anything in the text of Scripture which obliges us, or even leads us, to consider the six days of Genesis i. to be literal days.

The literal accuracy of the history of Jonah, or that of Elisha, rests upon a different principle, viz., whether miracles are possible, and to be expected. I see no difficulty in believing that iron, on a particular occasion, had the lightness of wood, if it is the will of God in any case to work miracles, i.e., to do something contrary to general experience. And while I say the same of Jonah and the whale, I feel the additional grave and awful hazard how to attempt to deny the history without irreverence toward the express teaching of the incarnate God.

SILLY SOCIETIES.

MR. SPURGEON has recently complained in his *Farm Sermons* that we suffer from a scarcity of men and a superabundance of molluscs. So morally invertebrate does Mr. Spurgeon find his fellow-creatures that he cries "Give us your hand, old fellow" (we wonder he did not say, "Tip us your flipper") when he is introduced to a good old-fashioned bigot. We do seem, indeed, in other affairs than religious belief to be a feeble folk and a molluscous. No one can do anything by himself and for himself. Every one falls back on the aid and comfort of a Society. There are Early Rising Societies, the members pledging themselves by awful oaths not to breakfast later than ten o'clock. There are Reading Societies favoured by conscientious young ladies. These fair beings are not naturally fond of reading; but they think that they ought to practise an accomplishment which they acquired in early years, not without pain and labour. They therefore form societies, all the members of which are constrained to read for one hour out of the twenty-four. By a necessary relaxation and merciful concession to human weakness the hour of reading may be done by instalments of from five to fifteen minutes. Other Societies exist for the purpose of seeking knots in reeds, and reading queer meanings into plain poetry. The New Shakespeare Society we leave to Mr. Swinburne, who is well qualified by natural endowments and by the constant practice of appropriate language to express his views on this subject. It is a very odd thing that people who admire poetry cannot be content to read the same "in their closets," as devotional writers say, or under a tree, or by a river's bank. In the case of Shakespeare "the hapless object of their howling homage," as Mr. Swinburne sweetly puts it, can no more be disturbed by any of his readers. "Whatever record leap to light, he never can be shamed"; and he is indifferent as to discoveries that may be made about his fifth

best bedstead, or concerning the precise number of rhyming lines in his plays. It is a different thing when Societies are formed to grub among the butcher's books and laundress's accounts of great poets recently dead, poets whose friends and kinsfolk are among us. About the life of any man who has departed in this century a great deal might be discovered through the appropriate agency of a private inquiry office. Keats may very probably have written plenty of love letters, in addition to the spasmodic epistles addressed to Miss Brawn and recently published. A Keats Society would naturally make it their proud business to rout out and print these relics of their "lovely and beloved" one, as some admirers say, in language which would have moved the lovely one to use his considerable science of self-defence. The Wordsworth Society has lately been hearing the revelations of the poet's butcher-boy. Now Wordsworth was in France when he was a young man; and, by dint of research, traces of tittle-tattle bearing on his life in France might be discovered. Why should they not be sought for, and printed in paragraphs in the journals of literary gossip? The spirit of Society journalism, the spirit of peeping, prying, and whispering, has taken possession of the feeble folk who interest themselves in literature. They cut out and treasure the minutest personal facts about their heroes. If a poet has advertised for a groom, or has sought to let his house during the season, information about these matters is the sort of thing to delight some Societies. We recently observed the gloomy suggestion that a Dublin Rossetti Society should be formed, to study the works and personality of the late Mr. D. G. Rossetti. Now Mr. Rossetti was a man who did not seek personal notoriety. He preferred the company of a few friends; he was no lion roaring nightly in society. He had published two volumes of poetry, and painted a great many pictures which he did not allow to be exhibited. Conceive the indignation with which a man of this character would have heard that the literary characters of Dublin were about to compare notes and hunt out facts as to his "personality." The cackle of tea-tables above the grave would have been to him the most terrible of posthumous punishments. Any man of refinement, any one not athirst for notoriety of whatever sort, must share these feelings.

It seems, on the whole, a better thing that Societies should be formed while a poet is still alive, and can direct their researches, or four hundred years after he is dead, when most traces of his life have disappeared, than that his character and private ways should be examined by self-appointed inquisitors immediately after his death. Biographers are commonly said to add terror to the common doom of death, but what are biographers to inquisitorial Societies? A biographer (when he is not Mr. Froude) usually passes over many traits of character and many little details in silence. He is probably not free from the *lues Boswelliana*, and he worships his hero, but with an unBoswellian reserve. There will be no such reserve in the proceedings of a Society formed to find out everything about a poet immediately after the poet's decease. Every member will display an emulative zeal, and, if one has found a new shred of gossip, a trumpey anecdote or reminiscence in the style of Captain Sumph, depend upon it he will not be happy till it is published in the proceedings of the Society. It is, we fear, almost useless to protest against this sort of homage, because, if people do not naturally see how unworthy and how ungrateful is their treatment of great men, no sermons will enlighten them, and scorn will only make them more persistent. "The many-headed beast must know," says Mr. Tennyson; but in our time it is not the many-headed beast, but the few feverish enthusiasts who are anxious to know about matters into which there should be no inquiry. The anecdotic sort of history was carried quite far enough by Macaulay and Mr. Carlyle; it was enough to be curious about Frederick's coats and pipes. But now the thirst for anecdote tends to make anecdote our only literature. Criticism of an author degenerates into a string of personal reminiscences; and, to satisfy some tastes, a reviewer must condescend to be an interviewer. People read a man's books, or at least hear that he has written books, and instantly desire seriously to know who is his hatter. They excite themselves about his favourite liquors. Does he prefer Hatfield, or shandy-gaff? What is his wife's maiden name, and have any of her ancestors been notable persons? It appears to us that new literary Societies are apt to focus this conception of criticism and of literature; and we think that, in the case of the dead, a poet should be allowed two hundred years "law." No Society should be formed to fret about him till the great-grandchildren of his butcher's boy and his washer-woman are dust, and their family traditions about his mutton chops and clean shirts are forgotten. Of course, if a live poet likes a Society to meet and discuss him and his works once a week, that is entirely his own affair, and no one has a right to remonstrate.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has discovered that Michael Davitt is a kind of Garibaldi. Why should not the *Pall Mall Gazette* get up a Michael Davitt Society, to popularize this view and to explain the writings of the hero? There is that interesting, difficult passage about the "rotten sheep" in the flock, and about the propriety of using a "common pen," not "the pen we are selling." Vulgar scholiasts have interpreted this passage in an unfriendly way, as if "we" had been selling revolvers, and as if in a certain instance it was thought advisable to use a common revolver, not a Fenian pistol. The Michael Davitt Society might prove that the whole passage was spurious, or interpolated by the shepherd Corydon; or that "pen" does not mean "revolver" in Fenian

slang, but is a euphemism for stylograph, or short for chimney can, or anything else that learned ingenuity might suggest.

There is one silly Society which some weak but well-disposed persons might welcome. We refer to an *Anti-John Inglesant Society*. Many suffer considerably, though in silence, from *John Inglesant*. Generally when a new book comes out, and gets itself talked about, the wise, if it does not come within their natural studies, do not read it. They "joux and let the jaw go by," as the Scotch proverb says—the "jaw" in this case being the talk over the work. Especially when a man is himself an author, and when every one does not ask every one else "Have you read *Paleolithic Metaphysics*?" he is indisposed to study the popular literature of the time. In the course of a couple of months the excitement dies down, and one escapes without having read what every one has been reading. But there is no escaping from *John Inglesant*. At every dinner, in every society, a moment comes when some one says, "Have you read *John Inglesant*?" Even in church there is no refuge for the 'hunted one. Preachers ask fiercely in their sermons, "Have you read *John Inglesant*?" instead of asking, "Have you found peace?" or anything germane to the matter. "If you have not, do so at once," the preacher cries peremptorily, and many of his congregation must stifle a low but not unmusical howl. Why should we be so heckled about *John Inglesant*? By this time we know from the expression of a lady's face when she is going to ask this question, and we reply, without waiting for the inquiry, "No, we have not read *John Inglesant*." Half the people who ask only do so from a bad habit, as little street boys used long ago to cry "How are your poor feet?" without any real interest in the answer. Now if a Society were got up to drop the subject of *John Inglesant*, many happy evenings might be passed at its meetings. As Kafir women are not allowed to use any words at all resembling in sound the names of their husbands' family, so words distantly recalling *John Inglesant* might be proscribed. No reference should be made to the "ingle," nor to Mr. Sant's pictures. One can imagine the paragraphs in the literary society papers. "The Anti-John Inglesant Society met under the presidency of Mr. Smith. No papers were read on any subject, but the Society passed an evening of friendly intercourse, the conversation chiefly turning on Ascot. Some pain was caused by a passing miscreant, who shouted from the top of an omnibus to an accomplice in the street, 'Have you read *John Inglesant*?' " "The Anti-John Inglesant Society will not hold an extra meeting on June 30 for readings and recitations of poems by the author of *John Inglesant*, and the singing of such of them as have been set to music. Nothing is further from the intentions of the Society."

We do not say that such a Society would be wholly without its pleasing and soothing results. But we should be independent of societies; should get up in the morning, or read an hour a day, or study Mr. Rossetti's poems, or bear our troubles quietly, or "dress rationally," in private, trusting to our own manfulness, and independent of the aid of Societies.

CATTLE-FARMING.

IF we took to country pursuits, whether as a profession or as an occupation, we should certainly be tempted by cattle-breeding in some shape. Corn, as Mr. Micawber remarked, speaking of it as a commission agent, can scarcely be considered remunerative in these days of competition; and, moreover, a wheat farm in high condition, even should it be profitable, is seldom picturesque. Usually the broad stretch of arable land lies very much on a level; and though the golden harvests of waving grain have an undeniable beauty towards the end of summer, yet, as a rule, the fences have been rigidly straightened and everything has been sacrificed to economy and utility. As for the pastoral life, it has a romance of its own; but there is a certain monotony in the aspect of the fleecy flocks, while we generally associate them with bleak downs or with bitter winter and deep snow-drifts in the heart of the inhospitable highlands; while both the corn-grower and the sheep-farmer are beset with cares, born of the vicissitudes of a treacherous climate. The English cattle-breeder has his anxieties, no doubt, for what mortal lot is free from them? There are such things, as he knows to his cost, as inflammation, pneumonia, and foot-and-mouth disease. But in general a competent veterinary surgeon can cope with those hazards; nor is it often, happily, that the country is swept by such a pestilence as desolated the grazing counties not so many years ago. Taking it all in all, his lot must be an enviable one if he knew it; and we are never more strongly impressed by that idea than when taking our walks in rural England in early June. In many cases, at least the lines have fallen to him in an earthly paradise, and if there is any latent poetry in his nature it must surely be developed by the charms of his surroundings. Let us take one of those old-fashioned dairy farms which are rather in the rough, with a somewhat slovenly air of peace and plenty. It lies upon rolling ground in a richly timbered country. Shade being an object both for the grass and the beasts, there has been no cutting down of the trees in the hedge-rows. You look down from the crest of each swelling height over the graceful outlines of the billowy foliage. The gnarled oaks or the clean-stemmed elms cast their dancing shadows over the swaying grass; and in the noonday hours of the most sultry summer there are broad patches of shade where you may draw breath compara-

tively coolly and comfortably. Of course the sleek cattle have taken refuge there, and stand whisking their tails lazily among the troublesome flies, or lie gently ruminating and half hidden in the rank herbage. With the lights breaking through the streaks of shadow, a Cuyper or a Cooper would be in his element there; mingled with the chirping of innumerable field-cricket, there is a droning hum of insects in the drowsy air, which is laden with the perfumes of flowers and the balmy breath of milk-kine. The golden hue of the buttercups, which are in process of digestion, is pleasantly suggestive of amber-coloured butter. The song of the birds is very generally silenced in the heat; nevertheless you hear the shrill note of the startled blackbird as he flits up the ditch side along the hedge; the cry of the woodpecker, the cuckoo, or the jay, comes from the neighbouring coope, and you hear the soft cooing of the wood-pigeons made yet more mellow by the distance. All around is a rich luxuriance of growth; hedgerows that have been untrimmed from time immemorial have shot up and straggled into impenetrable thickets, where the thorns are intertwined with honeysuckle and wild clematis and festooned with the dog-roses that will soon be in flower. The murmuring rivulets ripple along invisible in the overgrown ditches, spreading out and stagnating in pools in the corners of the fields, which are frequented by gaudy dragon-flies and half overgrown with water-weeds. In short, with the labyrinths of cramped enclosures that look as if they might have been laid out in the days of the Heptarchy, the untrained landscape has a homely charm which an easy-going mortal may well prefer to the more open magnificence of a stately deer park. The farmhouse, too, with its many gables and broad eaves and quaintly latticed windows, seems eminently desirable. There are chicken-coops under the mossy old trees in the orchard, a row of beehives stands against the southern wall, and a bloom of old-fashioned flowers is brightening the little garden. The cattle-houses that surround three sides of the strawyard are by no means of the most modern construction, but they are roomy and tolerably well arranged, and the lichen-covered roofs are watertight. At present the cattle are all abroad in the fields, but there is a sow with her grunting litter in the yard, which with the pigeons and the poultry and the ducks in the horsepond make the secluded homestead sufficiently lively. It may be objected that picturesqueness is all very well, but that, after all, a tenant-farmer has his rent to pay, and that he can hardly enjoy his comforts with an easy mind unless there is a fair probability of profits. Surely, living in such a back-of-the-world "Sleepy Hollow" as this seems to be, he can hardly hope for quick or sure returns. And the farmer will tell you, if you ask him, that things have changed since the farm, in his predecessor's time, was famous far and near for its cheeses. Cheeses nowadays can only be manufactured to advantage on an extensive scale or on the co-operative system; and consequently, if they have not deteriorated in flavour, they have at all events come down materially in price. But, when one door is closed, another opens; and, though the aspect of the dairy farm is as rural as ever, it is no longer left out of the world. Though half as far again by the winding lanes, it is only a couple of miles as the crow flies to the station on the branch line to the market town. And a spring cart is tilted up under the elm by the horsepond; and near the spring cart, under the tree, stands a row of tall, brass-labelled, tin milk-cans; and morning and evening the daily yield of milk is duly consigned to a salesman in a great manufacturing city. The dairy-farmer can make pretty accurate calculations, without the fear of their being upset by foreign competition. He is cheerful in the present, and hopeful as to the future; and can live like the ideal yeoman of the farmer's golden age, making the best of his blessings with his vigorous constitution.

If you are more ambitious, or feel the responsibilities of gentility, of course there are more aristocratic branches of the calling, which offer besides something better than a competence. Our friend at the dairy farm, who goes in for quantity of milk, does not stand punctiliously on purity of breeds. Without descending to the black and white "Hollanders," which, even when their owner may be altogether innocent of adulteration, inevitably suggest suspicions of the pump, he picks up any animals that will serve his purpose. His herd, though it may be pleasing enough to the artistic eye, will hardly pass muster with the connoisseur. You, however, may prefer to traffic in meat in place of milk; you may get together a show herd, famous for its points and its purity, and, inviting bucolical capitalists to your annual sales, may look to disposing of the surplus stock at fancy prices. A very interesting pursuit that is, especially to an enthusiast in shapes and pedigrees. Your strolls round the farm must be through a panorama of æsthetic delights, when each long-descended cow and heifer stands out from the landscape as a picture. But as for the trees and hedgerows in circumstances like these, they merely come in as a frame of nature's making. The dairy-farmer has become the speculator; if he sells dear, he has to buy dear; and when he has many hundreds or more invested in a bull or a cow, the beauty may be the apple of his eye, but it must be for that very reason the object of incessant anxiety. Moreover, the speculation is not what it used to be before pedigree strains came into general circulation. We remember the time when breeders of repute drew customers from the Continent, America, and our own colonies. Now stud farms for high-bred stock have been multiplied; and although fancy prices, in America especially, have lately been more extravagant than ever, the average quotations of

well-descended shorthorns have been very materially lowered. Gentlemen of property, like the Duke of Devonshire, must rank as public benefactors when they make costly cattle-breeding their hobby, but the attractions of the pursuit are much more dubious when it is a question of getting a living out of the venture.

But for those who love adventure and the romance of a wild life, there are tempting openings in other countries than England. The territorial position of a prosperous Australian squatter is no mean object for middle-class ambition; although perhaps the position is scarcely what it used to be before "cockatoos" were legally entitled to settle upon small allotments, thanks to the land legislation of radical democracies. Yet still a squatter of moderate capital may reasonably aspire to be lord of a vast range of country. Many men might be content to dispense with the pleasures of an overcrowded society, when they can ride straightforward for miles on miles over their own estate, among herds of their own cattle and horses. Breathing the free air of the wilderness, one forgets the ills and ailments of an effete civilization. You are further removed from gout and dyspepsia than from the doctor when galloping after the wild kangaroo. The indispensable business of the run takes the form of healthful field-sports, and more exciting even than the chase of the kangaroo is the driving in the half-wild colts and the bullocks. Should you break your neck, of course you are provided for; but there is a Providence that seems to watch over the lives of the squatters; and somehow we seldom hear of more formidable accidents than the fracturing of a collar-bone or the staving in of a few ribs. We fancy that when once fairly afloat, money must roll up fast in these circumstances. The yearly holiday visit to the capital of the colony should make no considerable hole in the annual profits; and if the settler is still wedded to his early associations, he may hope to amass a fortune to spend in the old country. Then, if Australia should appear to offer too little elbow-room, there are the virgin prairies, "parks," and mountain ranges in the brand-new States of the American Union. There was an interesting communication from a correspondent in the *Times* the other day, giving an account of the rise and progress of the "Cattle King" of Montana. Montana has been regarded as but a "one-horse" territory in the way of cattle-raising or anything else. Yet that potentate might take high rank anywhere, since he possesses 10,000 head of horned beasts, not to speak of his horses and sheep. He had one great advantage at his start, inasmuch as he had any amount of land for the taking. And in a country where human life is held in slight esteem, and where the minor rights of property are too often in abeyance, it would seem that there is an inconsistently chivalrous regard paid to the claims of territorial preoccupation. To be sure, in the meantime there is ample room for all comers, and a square league or two more or less counts for little or nothing. The gentleman adventurer has only to go some days' journey into the wilds, scramble to the top of any considerable eminence, and cast his eyes about him. Should he like the look of the country, and find it to be unoccupied and well watered, he has only to make his choice, like the patriarchs Abraham and Lot. Of course he must have hired his helps, and bought a certain head of stock to begin with. If he has bought valuable shorthorns, he must house them; but the rest of the animals are suffered to run loose, and they "fend" for themselves even in the winter. The winters are usually severe, and there will be a varying percentage of losses; but in ordinary years the losses are low, and though the beasts are greatly reduced by short commons, they quickly get into sleek summer condition again. And whatever be his distance from the nearest line of railway, he may be sure it will be very speedily shortened; while the steady increase of the scattered State population must bring profitable local markets daily nearer to his doors. It is a far cry from quiet dairy-farms in Cheshire or Kent to the ranches in the spurs of the wild sierras; but between the two there are locations of all kinds, in which any gentleman with a taste for cattle-farming may settle himself happily in a comfortable home.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER'S PETS.

SOME time ago we gave a sketch of the career of Théophile Gautier's cats, as related by him in that delightful book *Ménagerie Intime*. In this he passes on from cats, which he preferred to all other animals, to dogs; and he begins the part of the book which is called "Côté des Chiens" with a protest against the too common belief that there is something so antagonistic in the natures of cats and dogs that it is difficult for the same person to be really fond of both classes of creatures. No doubt plenty of instances, both of cat and dog friendships, and, as a necessary corollary, of human beings who have been more or less devoted both to cats and to dogs, will occur to our readers; but also, no doubt, the notion referred to is still common enough. "On nous a souvent accusé," Théophile Gautier begins, "de ne pas aimer les chiens." This, he continues, is an imputation which perhaps does not seem very serious at first sight, and yet it is one which it is worth while to do away with. "It is a not unusual belief that people who are fond of cats are in their nature false, sensual, and cruel; while those who are fond of dogs are frank, open, and loyal, and, in fact, possessed of all the gifts which are supposed to belong to dogs themselves." Gautier, then, admitting freely the many good qualities of dogs, admitting even that "ce qu'il y a de mieux dans l'homme c'est le chien," goes on to say that his

personal affection for dogs was never unmingled with apprehension. "Ces excellentes bêtes, si bonnes, si fidèles, si dévouées, si aimantes, peuvent à un moment donné avoir la rage, et elles deviennent alors plus dangereuses que la vipère trigonocéphale, l'aspic, le serpent à sonnettes, et la cobra-capello; et cela nous modère un peu dans nos épanchements." The master of Mme.-Théophile, of Don-Pierrot-de-Navarre, and of other distinguished cats, of whose histories we have given a sketch, was evidently unaware—and perhaps this was lucky for him and for his cats—that there was as much danger in a kitten's bite as in a puppy's. However, no one who knows Gautier's writings would imagine that this curious feeling about dogs would have been allowed to take possession of him, and to exclude dogs from the list of his pets; and, as a matter of fact, he was not often without a favourite dog. The first of the dynasty that he recorded was Luther, "Un grand épagneul blanc, moucheté de roux, bien coiffé d'oreilles brunes, chien d'arrêt perdu, qui, après avoir longtemps cherché ses maîtres, s'était acclimaté chez nos parents demeurant alors à Passy." In the absence of higher game, he devoted himself to the pursuit of rats and is said to have done deeds worthy of a terrier of the first order. He had also a pleasant habit of making himself a messenger between Gautier and his mother, to whom he would pay from time to time a visit, which seemed to be meant to assure her that all was well with her son. Unluckily he came to an unhappy end; he became sulky and silent, made his escape from the house, and was never seen again. "Se sentant atteint de la rage, et ne voulant pas mordre ses maîtres, il prit la fuite." The explanation is characteristic of Gautier's feeling for and appreciation of animals; but there are other diseases besides "la rage" which might very well have had the same effect, and which might, if properly understood and treated, have been checked in time to prevent the lamented loss of "Luther."

After this dog there was an interregnum, and then the throne was occupied by Zamore, a small spaniel "de race fort mêlée, who was of a dreamy nature, and seemed to be filled with a contempt for frivolity of every kind, until it was suddenly discovered that he had a passion for dancing." "Qui se serait douté que sous cet extérieur calme, détaché, philosophique, dédaigneux de toute frivolité, couvait une passion impérieuse et bizarre, insoupçonnable, et formant le plus complet écart avec le caractère apparent, physique et moral, de cette bête si sérieuse qu'elle en était presque triste?" There, however, according to "Théo," the passion was, and it found expression in a manner which was certainly remarkable enough. One day there appeared at Passy a mountebank, part of whose equipment was a troop of performing dogs, and the performances of these dogs completely absorbed Zamore. "Comme Corrège à la vue d'un tableau de Raphaël, il s'écria en son langage canin, 'Et moi aussi je suis peintre, anch'io son pittore!' et, saisi d'une noble émulation, quand la troupe passa devant lui formant la queue-du-loup, il se dressa, en titubant un peu, sur ses pattes de derrière, et voulait s'y joindre, au grand divertissement de l'assemblée." Zamore's well-meant effort was rebuked with a whip by the master of the troop, but this by no means diminished his ardour for the new art thus suddenly brought before his eyes. He practised, according to his biographer, alone; he lost no chance of watching the performances of his professional brethren, and "bientôt il ne lui suffit plus de copier, il inventa, il composa; et nous devons dire que, dans le genre noble, peu de chiens le surpassèrent." "Nous allions souvent le voir par la porte entrebâillée; il mettait un tel feu à ses exercices qu'il lapaait, chaque nuit, la jatte d'eau posée au coin de la chambre." The reader's belief in Zamore's peculiarities and accomplishments is still further tested by the statement that one day a party of dogs of his acquaintance came, seemingly by invitation, to see him go through his performance, and rewarded his efforts by barkings of evident admiration. Finally, Zamore fell a victim to the "surexcitation du travail" occasioned by his vaulting ambition. After him came a little King Charles called Kobold, who, having been brought up in England, was at first completely puzzled and wretched at finding himself surrounded by people who spoke a foreign tongue. He had a great taste for music, and "chantait lui-même de petites chansons avec un fort accent anglais." "When A was struck on the piano, he would at once take up the note in a tone far different from a bark or a howl, and when he left off, one had only to say to him in English 'Sing a little more' to make him go on again." Kobold had an ugly trick of devouring earth, and as this apparently was not properly kept in check, he not unnaturally died of it.

The unhappy King Charles Kobold was succeeded by Myrza, "petite bichonne de la Havane," who was a gift from Grisi. Myrza was a creature "d'une extrême douceur, très caressante," and was exactly like a toy dog. Myrza was specially remarkable for possessing the "sens de l'art," which Myrza's master, with all his love for animals and all his belief in their intelligence, had never found amongst them before he discovered it in Myrza. He had but little real faith in the story of Zeuxis and the birds, until one day Myrza, being face to face with a portrait by M. Bonnegrace, "se mit à aboyer avec fureur, essayant de mordre cet inconnu" who had come into the room. When she found out her mistake, she behaved with dignity, not unmingled with contempt for the foolishness of portrait-painting. The last of the dogs whose history is recorded by Gautier, the dog who succeeded Myrza, was Dash, a founding condemned to death because he had a broken paw, and rescued from death by the happy chance of passing before Gautier's door in the cart of a "marchand de verres cassés," who was charged with the task of getting rid of the dog. Dash's paw was

set as well as possible, but the injury was of too long standing to admit of a really satisfactory treatment. He was "un pur chien des rues, un roquet grediné dont Buffon lui-même eût été fort embarrassé de démêler la race." He was clever, he was humorous, he had an inordinate love of sugar, and he had also a Quixotic courage which led him to attack dogs who were more than a match for him, and which finally resulted in his death on the field of battle after an encounter with a Newfoundland who was of exceeding strength and ferocity. His death, Gautier adds with that charming vein of superstition which crops up now and again in his writings, was followed by all kinds of catastrophes, and with the record of his death practically ends the history of Théophile Gautier's dogs.

The chapter headed "Caméléons, Lézards, et Pies" is really more an excuse for some picturesque writing about the country of the lizards and chameleons than anything else, so far as the two first-named creatures are concerned; while of the "Pies" there was only one, named, as usual, Margot, and also, as usual, given to stealing all the small metal instruments she could lay her claws on. In this she seems to have had a more catholic taste than was possessed by a jackdaw of our acquaintance, who had a special passion for button-hooks, which he would run great risks to obtain, and which, when obtained, he would bury in a hiding-place constructed for the purpose underneath a tree. The unhappy Margot's thievishness led to her coming to a violent end, since "one day she was killed by the servants in a neighbour's house, who accused her of having stolen a new pair of sheets. The master of the house, not believing a word of this, dismissed the rascals on the spot, but poor Margot's neck was not the less twisted for this. She was regretted by the whole neighbourhood, which she used to enliven by her humour and her 'lazzi.'"

THE STRIKE IN THE AMERICAN IRON TRADE.

THOUGH the time chosen by the workmen engaged in the American iron trade for the great strike which began on the 1st of this month, and which has already extended over the whole country, is not very favourable, a struggle of the kind was inevitable sooner or later. Indeed the only cause for wonder is that it has not occurred before now. The employers have hitherto been able to keep almost entirely to themselves the extraordinary profits arising out of the rapid growth of the trade during the past few years. Congress has nursed into activity a great iron industry in the United States; partly in order to render the country independent as regards what is a necessary implement of modern civilization and to create a new industry which would make a market for the agricultural produce of the Union; but chiefly to protect the workpeople against "the pauper labour" of Europe. In other words, it is the professed desire of Congress to benefit labour rather than capital by the imposition of high protective duties; but, as a matter of fact, since the revival of prosperity four years ago it is capital which has mainly benefited. A few figures will bring out this fact very clearly. In 1872 the whole production of pig iron in the United States was 2,854,558 tons. In consequence of the panic in 1873 the production fell off, until in 1876 it was no more than 2,093,236 tons; but it then began to increase slightly till 1879, when it made a great bound forward, and in 1880 rose to be as large as 4,295,414 tons. In four years, therefore, it will be seen, the production was more than doubled. Last year there was again a large increase, the production having risen to 4,641,564 tons. The augmentation was 346,150 tons, or over 8 per cent. Even more rapid was the growth of the manufacture of Bessemer steel. In 1872 the whole production of Bessemer steel was only 94,070 tons. In 1881 it had risen to 1,330,302 tons; in other words, the production in ten years was multiplied fourteen times. In these figures we have the clearest proof of the efficacy of the protective duties of the United States in fostering the iron industry; and we should have supposed that, as the production of pig iron more than doubled in four years, and as the production of steel increased at the rate of 140 per cent. per annum during the past ten years, there must have occurred a great rise in wages since the revival of trade in 1879. As a matter of fact, the rise in wages has been trifling, which is only another way of saying that nearly the whole benefit of the protective duties has been monopolized by the employers. If we try to realize the meaning of the figures cited above, we shall see this plainly. To double the production of pig iron between 1876 and 1880 it was necessary that the works which had lain idle ever since the panic of 1873 should be again opened; that at the same time an immense number of new hands should be taken on; and that a vast amount of new capital should be invested. The works had lain idle for years because they were too costly or too inefficient; but the rise in the price of iron made it profitable to re-open them. And so, again, the rise in the price of iron made it profitable to invest new capital and to increase the number of workpeople. With all this movement a great rise of wages would have seemed inevitable. Every reader will recollect how in 1872 and 1873 an equally sudden, though smaller, increase in production here at home sent up wages "by leaps and bounds." Yet, as we have just said, wages have scarcely risen in the United States. It was not to be expected that the workpeople would acquiesce in this; indeed it has been a standing cause for wonder with careful observers that they have acquiesced in it so long.

Wages were thus kept down partly by the great immigration which has been adding so vastly to the population of the United States during the past three or four years. Last year, for example, immigrants landed at the rate of nearly 2,000 a day, and this year they are pouring in still more rapidly; at present, indeed, the arrivals are at the rate of about 3,000 a day. The immigrants consist most largely of people in the vigour of life, who are therefore available for immediate employment, and they have largely contributed to keep down wages in every trade throughout the Union. Mere growth of population from natural causes would tend little in this way, because the demand for labour is so insatiable in the United States that it counterbalances the natural supply. But the immigrants are, as a rule, anxious to take the first employment which offers; and they are available, therefore, for employers who wish to keep down the rate of wages. Still, immigration alone would not account for the slow rise in wages, because the proportion of immigrants fit to be employed in the iron trade must, after all, be small. The main cause, doubtless, is the lowness of the funds of the various Trade-Unions. After the panic of 1873 the Trade-Unions stubbornly resisted the fall in wages that took place in every trade, and in the numerous strikes that then occurred they exhausted their funds. Moreover, as wages sank more and more, as the great manufacturing industries became more and more depressed, and as crowds of the workpeople, in despair of seeing a revival, migrated to the unoccupied lands of the West, the subscriptions to the funds decreased more and more every day, and the Unions therefore found themselves in no position to maintain the struggle against the masters, who, as the strike now going on abundantly proves, are not only possessed of vast resources, but are also closely united and well organized. It has taken time since the revival of trade to replenish the funds which had thus dwindled away, and it is doubtless only now that the iron-workers find themselves in a position to undertake a struggle on a great scale. It is said by those who speak for the employers that even now the workpeople are not possessed of sufficient funds. But the spread of the strike is hardly consistent with the truth of this statement. It is quite evident from the universality of the movement, and the perfect organization that seems to exist, that the strike has been long prepared for and planned with great care. We can hardly believe that it would, under these circumstances, have been undertaken if the Union leaders knew that they had not sufficient funds to maintain the fight. We are inclined to think, on the contrary, that the strike has not only been carefully planned, but that it will be maintained with obstinacy, and, if it is so maintained, we cannot share the confidence expressed by the masters that they must win. It is quite true that just now the iron trade in the United States is not as buoyant as it lately was, for the construction of railways has recently received a check. The failure of all the great crops last year told heavily upon the railways; there was less produce to send to market, and consequently there was less to be carried by the railways; and the falling off in earnings gave rise to a serious fall in the price of railway securities on the American Stock Exchange. This was aggravated by the "war of rates" which broke out between the trunk lines. Finding that there was not enough traffic for the whole of them, each tried to secure as much as possible for itself by lowering the charges for carrying goods, and thereby broke the arrangement which the great trunk lines had entered into not to undersell one another. They carried their insane competition so far that in some cases they charged less than it cost to carry the goods, so that the more traffic at such rates the Companies got the greater were their losses. The great railway kings, availing themselves of this state of the market, acted in a manner still further to depress prices and to frighten investors out of their property. The result has been that the projectors of American railways find it impossible to raise either in the American or European money markets the means of constructing the new lines planned by them. In consequence of all this there has been an undoubted check given to railway making. Therefore the masters think they must win in the struggle upon which they have entered. But, after all, the check to railway construction is only relative. Last year between nine and ten thousand miles of new railway were made, and, according to the *New York Railroad Gazette*, this year, up to the end of May, the mileage constructed was larger than in the corresponding period of last year; therefore, so far at least, there has been no actual decrease in railway making, though the planning of new lines has ceased. If, however, the harvest turns out as good as it now promises to be, the discredit into which railway securities have fallen will soon pass away. When the earnings are seen to be large, and profits are made in every trade, confidence will revive, and the construction of lines that had been projected, but that for the moment are suspended, will again be taken in hand and rapidly pushed on. A single bad harvest is not enough to bring to an end such prosperity as the United States have for some years enjoyed; and, while there is prosperity, railway building will go on at a rapid rate, for the first need of the United States is railways.

Whatever may be the result of the strike as regards the men, it can hardly fail to benefit the British iron trade. If the men succeed, the increase of wages obtained will cause a rise of prices; and with the rise of prices the export of British iron to the United States will become possible. Even last year there was somewhat over three-quarters of a million tons of iron imported into the United States, and, if prices were now to be raised, the import

would be enlarged until prices rose here also to counterbalance the rise in the United States. Even if the men are defeated, and wages remain as they are, a rise of price is inevitable provided the strike continues for a month or two. The cessation of production in all the great iron districts in the United States for several weeks would give time for the exhaustion of the stocks on hand. Last year, as we have already said, over 9,000 miles of railway were made, and this year the rate of construction so far is still more rapid. Besides, there were at the end of last year more than 103,000 miles of railway in the United States, and this vast mileage requires constant renewals which use up a large amount of iron. But if production is suspended for several weeks, while railway building and railway repairing go on, and stocks are thus greatly reduced, prices must rise; and a rise of prices will open the door to foreign imports, and will thus give an impetus to the British iron trade. After a while, of course, the workpeople in this country also will insist upon sharing in the prosperity of their employers; and, should they likewise obtain a rise of wages, prices here must be raised, and then we shall lose the advantage which this strike will give us. But it is possible that a further rise may be prepared in the United States by that time. If railway building is pushed on more rapidly in consequence of a good harvest and revived prosperity, the increased demand, added to a decreased production caused by the strike at home, will tend to raise prices; and, when once the workpeople have engaged in a struggle for a rise of wages, they are likely to insist, after a short time, upon a further rise should the prosperity of the trade continue.

SCULPTURE IN 1882.

THE English student of sculpture has every reason to congratulate himself on the condition of this art so long debased and neglected among us. There has not been a year, within the memory of any living critic, when the section of sculpture at the Royal Academy was so well represented, so vigorous, or so interesting as it is this year. The revival of public interest in painting and the minor arts has now spread to the most refined and dignified of all the branches of fine art. In the first place, to mention a circumstance which must by no means be passed over as trivial, the arrangement of plastic art this year at Burlington House is highly satisfactory. The Vestibule has been denuded altogether, much to the advantage of the dignity of the exhibition; the Sixth Gallery, in which, though the light was good, there were no facilities for the display of statues, has been passed over to the painters, and the noble Lecture Room has been entirely devoted to sculpture. The visitor can now walk round the principal works, and view the individual figures at no disadvantage. The busts, moreover, are no longer arranged in a melancholy row along a shelf, but have each its proper pedestal. Merely material advantages, however, would have little to do with the revived interest in the art, if they were not accompanied by a really striking improvement in the general average of the work exhibited. It is not merely that two or three eminent artists have put forth their full strength and done brilliant things; this is the case, indeed; but almost more to be congratulated than these men are the rank and file of young sculptors, whose work, even when it does not call for positive praise, no longer contains those radical errors, that utter lack of style, which used to mark the English school. There seem everywhere diffused among the younger men a sense of what modelling should be, an attention to the arrangement of masses, and a treatment of surface, which are quite new in England, and which should lead to the happiest results.

The honours of the year rest with Mr. Thornycroft, who has, indeed, achieved a success so brilliant that his powers will be almost unfairly taxed to support it during the next year or two. For it must be recollected that the two statues with which he has dazzled the artists and the critics, and which have secured for him the public honours of the Royal Academy, are not new this year in their design. No man, we may confidently say, could with his own hands, and working in Mr. Thornycroft's conscientious spirit, complete two such statues within twelve months. The work expended on the marble figure of "Artemis" (1644) is extraordinary, and on the flesh, in particular, is of so delicate a character that we may be sure that the sculptor did not leave the work to a pupil. The surface of a marble statue is an unknown quantity; the artist may work upon it almost indefinitely. The "Artemis" will be allowed to be the most finished piece of marble exhibited this year, except certain parts of Mr. Armstead's "Ariel"; yet we have but to examine the face to see that, if the sculptor had time and opportunity to devote six months more to it, he might still improve it; though we are far from wishing that he should indulge in so vain a labour. Since the "Artemis" was exhibited in plaster in 1880, we find that the artist has considerably improved it; the legs seem more robust, the drapery in some details more free and natural, and the neck more finely modelled. Less alteration has taken place in the bronze "Teucer" (1665) exhibited last year in plaster; but the removal of the stump, which leaves the outlines of the heels and calves unbroken, is a striking improvement. This noble pair of statues, the most attractive that recent English art has produced, confirms the impression which we expressed several years ago, that in Mr. Thornycroft not merely sculpture, but fine art in England altogether, has received a notable addition.

Mr. Armstead has not for several years exhibited so many

works characteristic of his peculiar genius as adorn the Lecture Room this year. His recumbent effigy of "Mr. Gibbs" (1673) to be placed in a church at Exeter, is injured at present by the vertical light, and hardly attracts as much attention as it deserves among work that is out of sympathy with it. Mr. Armstead has very strong affinities with the French sculptors of the Renaissance. Germain Pilon would have treated these folds of drapery, these quiet emaciated features, in much the same spirit; let us add, hardly with more skill. Mr. Armstead's extraordinary proficiency in all the technical parts of his craft—a proficiency which may occasionally have led him astray into experiment—is here directed to its most appropriate end. His little statue of "Ariel" (1680) is still more remarkable as a piece of imaginative sculpture. The artist has conceived the lyric sprite as an epicene winged creature of keen face, long thin extremities, and bony form; his Ariel is too quaint to be pretty, but it comes as near to the realization of Shakespeare's vision as art can be expected to come. In workmanship some parts of this figure are inimitable, as the back and the hands; but we protest against Mr. Armstead's exaggerated treatment of eyes. The same eminent artist exhibits a sketch for a bronze group of "David and the Lion." We cannot but believe that he will greatly modify his conception of this work before he executes it. The body of David is admirably modelled, and the attitude of the lion is true; but we are disappointed with the action of the hands, which is not nearly forcible enough, and the rolls of drapery on the ground break up the outline of the group. We hope that Mr. Armstead may decide to omit this needless drapery altogether, and carry out the work frankly in the nude.

There are an unusually large number of imaginative statues and statuettes this year, mostly by rising artists, some of which demand considerable attention. Both at the Royal Academy and at the Grosvenor Gallery Mr. Alfred Gilbert comes forward this year as a prominent exhibitor. His "Kiss of Victory" is a very carefully finished marble group of a young nude warrior falling on the field of battle, under the very shadow and supported by the embrace of a winged Nike. This is perhaps Mr. Gilbert's most notable work; but his "Astronomy" and "Perseus Arming," at the Grosvenor Gallery, are full of picturesque and original qualities, to which nothing but more training seems needed to complete the equipment of a very remarkable sculptor. Mr. George Lawson's "Automate" is a fine statue, of heroic size, which demands commendation for the effort it displays and for the fine sense of design which has originally inspired the composition; but, like all Mr. Lawson's figures, it gives the spectator an impression that the artist has grown tired of his work, and has finished it with undue haste. A very little patience and discipline would make a remarkable statue of this unsatisfactory, but spirited, work. Mr. Percival Ball, in his curious "Lancashire Witch" (1571), gives us a careful nude study in marble of a woman who breaks a sword across her knee, while the implements of modern science lie around her. The body is well modelled; the head is exceedingly insipid; and the marble is merely sketched. Mr. Arthur Atkinson combines so much that is good with so much that is bad in his "Stephen the Martyr" (1548) that we hardly know how to speak of it; the modelling of the flesh is good, in some parts remarkably good; but the treatment of line is awkward in the extreme. The "Jacob wrestling with the Angel" (1593), of the same artist, is very poor. This latter subject has been a favourite one with several young sculptors; none of their efforts are very successful; the worst is that of Mr. Oscar Junck (1623), a really monstrous group, to which we believe some sort of medal has been rashly assigned. Miss Amelia Walters is an artist from whom we hardly expected so delicate and sound a piece of work as the "Undine" (1633), rising like a column of water; this is worthy of great praise. Professor Legros exhibits at the Royal Academy "The Sailor's Wife" (1676) in bronze, which has much of the gravity and charm of his painting. Mr. Calcott's "Mother's Love" (1620) is a creditable group in a somewhat similar spirit, and reminds us faintly of the manner of M. Coutan. Mr. Birch exhibits a small bronze statuette of his equestrian group of "The Last Call" (1551), a trumpeter of the husars shot to death, standing high in his stirrups, and falling back as he closes his last note. This is very spirited and pleasing, and seems more legitimately treated in this miniature form than on a colossal scale. A little bronze of "Polo" (1642), by Mr. Walter Roche, is clever and compact; the subject is one excellently suited for a statuette.

In iconic sculpture of the monumental kind there is not much at the Royal Academy which is highly satisfactory. We cannot conceal from ourselves that Mr. Boehm's "Carlyle" (1672) has lost in translation into marble much of the charm which made the plaster so remarkable in the Exhibition of 1875. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Boehm has worked much on the statue with his own hands; the deep indentation of the eyes is coarse and painful, while some of the tricks which disfigure the work, amongst others the rubbing of dirt into the interstices of the marble, are laughable. Mr. Brock and Mr. Onslow Ford have competed in colossal figures of Sir Rowland Hill. Neither effigy is very inspiring; Mr. Brock's (1546) is the more natural in pose. It would be curious to inquire by what freak of a committee or a jury Mr. Onslow Ford was diverted from the exceedingly happy and sculptural design for a Rowland Hill seated, of which he exhibits a sketch in bronze (1660); this has all the charming qualities of style and nature which we miss in his erect figure (1556), and would attract notice even in the Salon. Mr. George Simmonds exhibits a life-size figure of a Rajah (1573),

which is singularly poor and weak. Mr. Boehm sends a cast of his vigorous but exaggerated "Lord Lawrence" (1566), lately erected in Waterloo Place; the immense protuberance of abdomen gives this statue an absurd air which belies its merit. We have no patience with Mr. Bruce Joy's presentment of Mr. Gladstone showing the palm of his hand to an incredulous world (1679); the face is a good likeness, and there ceases the merit of the statuette, which is even below the mediocre average of Mr. Bruce Joy's work.

There is a good show of busts this year at the Royal Academy. Mr. Boehm's marble head of "Mr. Bright" (1677) is one of the most accomplished and highly-finished works which this distinguished master of portraiture has ever done. We are at a loss to account for the inequality of Mr. Boehm's work; his terra-cotta bust of "Professor Huxley" (1600) is considerably inferior to that of Mr. Bright. Mr. Woolner's iconic work, too, is very irregular; his nude bust of "Lord Olanwilliam" (1675) is admirable, and his large marble medallion of the late "James Spedding" (1637) is very interesting, but his bust of "Mr. Barry," the architect (1670), is poor in the extreme. The busts of Mr. T. Nelson MacLean are remarkably learned and sound in treatment; we note how admirably the structure of the head is felt in the "Mrs. Villiers Stuart" (1667), and how a trained hand and a sense of style have given dignity to so very difficult a subject as the "Rev. Principal Brown" (1592). Mr. MacLean is one of our most accomplished younger sculptors. There is a little extravagance, but a great deal of vigour, in Mr. Onslow Ford's "Sir Charles Reed" (1658), and the progress which this artist has made of late in technical power is very remarkable. Mr. Brock is a sculptor whose work has received more recognition than that of most men of his school and generation; he does not show himself careful enough to support his reputation. His study for a head of Sir Richard Temple (1621), in which the neck and throat are very cleverly modelled, is more noteworthy than the perfunctory bust (1687) which he has had the want of discretion to send to the Exhibition with it. Mr. Pinker's work this year shows a considerable advance upon his accustomed manner. Two young female busts attract the eye of the spectator as he moves along the row of portraits. One of these is Mr. Birch's delicate girlish head of Miss Hughes (1619), the other Mr. Thornycroft's dignified and characteristic bust of Miss Grimstone (1764), the neck and shoulders of which are beautifully treated. Among clever busts which call for no special description we may name Mr. W. C. May's "Mr. Yeend King" (1565), Miss Henrietta Montalba's "Lady Sophia Macnamara" (1545), and Miss Gertrude Crookford's "Old English Lady" (1688). M. Rodin, the distinguished French sculptor, sends a bronze replica of the head of his statue of St. Jean (1596), which was much admired at the Salon last year. The fact that the face is contorted by the effort of declamation, an effort which the absence of the rest of the figure makes unintelligible, takes off from the interest of this vigorous head.

Those who have been influenced by what had been reported beforehand of the medals of Professor Legros will, we fear, be considerably disappointed when they examine those which he exhibits at the Royal Academy and at the Grosvenor Gallery. They can be divided into two classes—those medals in which, with an artless exactitude, he imitates the very faults and accidents in worn Renaissance medals, and those in which he attempts to employ modern heads in a modern manner. The latter are absolute failures; the former are exceedingly clever as imitations pure and simple, but they have no other value. Where Professor Legros cannot base his mode of work on the practice of an old master he shows himself, as in the grotesque medallion of Darwin, helpless before the technical difficulties of a very curious and delicate art. It is perhaps not very easy in England, where but little has been done in this class, to confront Professor Legros's medals with really excellent work; but in Paris, where so much is done of an experimental kind, it is easy enough. His medals will not bear comparison for a moment with such work, on the one hand, as the medals of M. Alphonse Dubois, or, on the other, as Mue, Ringel's medallion sketches. With regard to Professor Legros's other work in sculpture at the Grosvenor Gallery, it is hardly possible to speak with gravity of his feeble relief of "La Source," or of his "Death and the Woodman," which we forbear to characterize. We are sorry to think that so good an artist could persuade himself to exhibit such crudities, or to listen to the flatteries of those who, if he were to model a hot-cross bun, would discover in it sculptural line and noble plastic qualities. In five years' time Professor Legros will be the first to laugh at these absurd pretensions. It is perfectly intelligible that an active and original painter should feel a desire to express himself now and then in a new medium, and measure himself with craftsmen of a different training. The exercise is highly salutary, and he returns refreshed to his own particular labours; what is not salutary is the flattery of injudicious friends, who are pledged to admire all that he does, and who have the same patter for his failures as for his masterpieces.

There is not very much sculpture of an important kind at the Grosvenor Gallery, with the exception of those works by Mr. Gilbert of which we have already spoken. Mr. Boehm sends two statuettes, not in his most interesting manner; Mr. Thornycroft and Mr. Mullins each a good bust; Mr. Onslow Ford two terra-cotta heads of ladies, which lack a certain refinement, and are not equal to his male busts; M. Rodin a "Bronze Mask," which is picturesque; and Miss Chaplin two of her pleasant terra-cotta studies of dogs. Count Gleichen sends a nude figure, life-size, of "Hero," which is very poor, and Mr. Waldo Story some pseudo-Greek reliefs, which are so feeble and old-fashioned that it is quite

surprising to meet with them in an exhibition of to-day. In closing, we may express our satisfaction at finding every year less and less of the baneful Italian influence on our sculpture, and fewer examples of the native art of Italy at our exhibitions. We cannot too thoroughly rid ourselves of that effeminate and mechanical tradition.

THE OPERAS.

THE production of *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* by the Franke-Pollini company at Drury Lane, with Herr Richter as conductor, naturally ranks among the important musical events of these days. It is, perhaps, a little strange that the opera has not previously been heard in England; but it is fortunate from every point of view that its first introduction to an English audience should have taken place under conditions so nearly approaching perfection. With the exception, perhaps, of *Fidelio*, *The Meistersingers* is by far the most complete performance which the company has yet given. In the case of *Lohengrin*, for instance, despite the unrivalled conducting of Herr Richter, and the many points of merit in the whole performance of which we have already spoken, it was possible to feel a little disappointment when one remembered some of the effects which have been produced in the representation of the opera on the German stage, and which were not attempted at Drury Lane. There was, for example, but little indication in the scene of daybreak after the duet between Ortrud and Telramund of that full sense of the stir and bustle of a new day beginning which used to be so admirably given on the stage of the old Hof Theater at Dresden; nor, admirably though it was sung, was the chorus of astonishment and delight at the first appearance of the swan completely satisfactory as regarded grouping and acting. No doubt there were intelligible reasons for these and similar slight shortcomings in a performance of which the merits far outweighed the faults; but it is not the less pleasant to have to speak of another performance in which it would not be easy to point to any fault which need be taken into account. Of the merits of individual singers who took part in *The Meistersingers* we may speak presently, observing, to begin with, that it would be difficult to suggest any such improvement on the grouping and stage management generally of the chorus in this opera as might have been suggested in the case of *Lohengrin*.

A preface to the book of the opera, which is signed "C. A. B.," points out—as it appears it was necessary to point out, though that it should have been necessary is strange enough—that "the Meistersingers are not to be regarded as mythical personages or as emanations of Wagner's brain"; and the preface goes on to give a brief account of the institution of the Meistersingers at Nuremberg:—"For an insight into the constitution of their guilds and schools, their rules and regulations, reference is due to the 'Schulordnung' or 'Lagerbuch,' and to the 'Tabulatur.' The one regulated the discipline and business of their organization; the other its artistic side. The singing at their sittings was divided into 'Freisingen' (free singing) and 'Hauptsingen' (principal singing). In the former any one, even a stranger, might take part; in the latter, which was competitive, the faults against the rules committed by a singer were noted on a slate by a 'Merker' (marker) ensconced behind a curtain. Seven faults were allowed, and he who exceeded this number was declared 'outsung and outdone' (versungen und verthan). . . . If the Marker declared that a singer had complied with the rules and regulations, he was decorated with a silver chain and badge—the latter representing King David playing upon the harp—and was honourably admitted into the guild." In the book of *The Meistersingers* we have the narrow conceit and pedantry of the Marker—Beckmesser—opposed to the fine and free intellect of Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, who takes under his protection a noble youth, Walther von Stolzing, who desires to become a Meistersinger, urged thereto by the fact that it is only a Meistersinger who may win the hand of the Meistersinger Pogner's daughter, Eva, between whom and himself a mutual love has sprung up. Beckmesser the Marker has also, after his fashion, fallen in love with Eva; and when Walther first sings his trial-song, Beckmesser covers the slate with marks of faults. All the Masters are agreed that "this will never do," except Hans Sachs, who interposes with the words—

Halt! Meister! Nicht so geeilt!
Nicht jeder eure Meinung theilt.—
Des Ritters Lied und Weise,
Sie fand ich neu, doch nicht verwirrt;
Verliess er uns're G'leise,
Schritt er doch fest und unbeirrt.
Wollt ihr nach Regeln messen,
Was nicht nach eurer Regeln Lauf,
Dar eig'nen Spur vergessen,
Sucht davon erst die Regeln auf!

Nevertheless, at the end of the scene there is a chorus from the other Masters of "Versungen und verthan." In the following scene, in which a projected elopement of Walther with Eva is wisely put a stop to by Sachs, Beckmesser comes to serenade Eva, and finds himself disturbed by Sachs, who is working outside his shop at a pair of shoes ordered by Beckmesser. "At last," to quote from the preface's translation of Herr Wagner's "Communication to My Friends," Sachs "promises the luckless fellow to give over singing; but on condition of his being allowed to mark also in his manner—as a shoemaker—the faults which, according to

his feelings, he may find in the Marker's song—namely, by a stroke of his hammer for each fault upon the shoe stretched upon the last. The Marker sings; Sachs strikes the last again and again. In a passion, the Marker jumps up; Sachs coolly asks him if he has finished his song? "Not nearly," he shouts. Sachs now laughingly holds up the shoes, and declares that they are now quite finished, thanks to the "Marker's Tapa." In the last act Walther sings to Sachs a song which the cobbler-poet notes down, and which is subsequently picked up by Beckmesser, who, believing it to be Sachs's, proposes to sing it as his own in public. He goes ridiculously wrong in the words and music, and finally it is determined "that he who knows the proper tune shall be adjudged the victor." The young knight accomplishes this, and wins his bride; but rejects with scorn the offer, now made him, of admission into the Guild. Sachs humorously stands up in defence of the Mastersingers' Guild, and finishes with the rhyme, "Though Holy Rome herself shall pass away, Our glorious German art will ne'er decay."

What was unexpected by people who were not already familiar with the music in Herr Wagner's setting of the plot of which we have given an outline was not perhaps that the opera is full of charming and melodious music, and free from such ineffable weariness as that of Wotan and his wicked crew—but that it is also full of fun. Nothing could be more genuinely comic, in music as in acting, than the scene of Beckmesser's interrupted serenade; and, in another and less obvious way, Kothner's reading out of the *Tabulatur* in the first act. Nor would it be difficult, if space permitted, to point to many other special instances of the true sense of humour which runs through the work hand in hand with the true sense of poetry and beauty which finds expression in Walther's song and in many utterances of Hans Sachs. The opera is throughout stirring, bright, and interesting; and the comic and tender sides are artfully relieved and interchanged. The singing, mounting, and acting were, as we have said, excellent. Much depends of necessity upon Hans Sachs, of which character the representative has to convey the notion of a man who is full both of a kindly humour and of poetical and artistic feeling, and who knows very well how to be completely dignified on occasion. Herr Gura fulfilled all the necessary conditions, and his singing was admirably steady and expressive. The parts of Eva and Walther have been performed on different occasions by Frl. Sucher and Herr Winkelmann and by Frl. Malten and Herr Nachbaur. Frl. Sucher and Herr Winkelmann were both at their best in their respective parts. Frl. Malten's singing was, it need hardly be said, of much merit, and her acting full of intelligence. Herr Nachbaur is less of a declaimer, as opposed to a singer, than Herr Winkelmann, and finds some fine opportunities in Walther. He acts with spirit, but might, perhaps, improve upon the make-up which he adopted. For Herr Ehrke's Beckmesser, a finely comic study of character excellently rendered, we have nothing but praise. Of the general merits of the performance by the representatives of the minor characters and the chorus we have already spoken. In the conducting Herr Richter might be said to have surpassed himself, if that were possible. It is needless to say that the few cuts made were extremely judicious. It is possible that their number might be increased with advantage, and it is certain that the inordinate length of the waits between the acts might with advantage be reduced. It is also certain that any improvement in the abominable ventilation or want of ventilation of the front of the house would be welcomed with enthusiasm.

Charming as *Die Meistersinger* is, and beautiful as are many of the passages in the Festal Drama associated with the hated name of Wotan, yet we may be permitted, except by the Extreme Left of the Wagnerians, to find delight in interrupting a course of Wagner by listening to some of the most delicious music which Mozart ever wrote in *Il Serraglio*, of which opera a performance in some respects particularly good has been given at Covent Garden. The exquisite music of Constance was exquisitely sung by Mme. Sembrich, whose powers as an executant are unsurpassed, and who possesses moreover what is not always possessed by singers famous for their brilliancy—the true feeling of an artist. What she does is done with so much seeming ease that it probably fails to command the admiration of people who are enraptured when an extraordinary note is produced and held with laboured indications of the difficulty belonging to the feat. Mme. Sembrich, even without her amazing brilliancy of execution, could hardly fail to take her place in the first rank of operatic singers. M. Gailhard was seen at his best in the comic part of Osmin, in which he played the drunken scene with much humour and discretion, and sang "Ah, che voglio trionfare" magnificently. He completely spoilt, however, the impression of two excellent effects by returning to the stage to make his bow to an audience of which the well-merited applause seemed curiously centred in one part of the house. Mlle. Valleria was excellent, as in everything she undertakes, as Biondina. Signor Frapolli, as Belmont, gave us an idea of what M. Capoul might be if one of his faults—the excessive use of the tremolo—and all his merits were taken away from him. M. Soulaacroix's Pedrillo was an equally weak performance. The English version of the libretto is among the marvels of operatic literature. Here are a few lines in the Italian and in the English:—

Ti detesto e lo sappi impalato scorgerti vorrei!
Ah, che questi avventurieri,
Ch'alle donne han i pensieri
Non li posso, no, soffrir.

'Tis because, my young man, too well I know you.
Base adventurers detested,
By whose swarms we are infested,
To the devil you may go.

At another point, in Osmin's song of vengeance, there is a phrase inserted in the English version, the unprovoked vulgarity and coarseness of which make it unquotable.

Mme. Pauline Lucca's reappearance at Covent Garden was an event to be marked with a white stone. In *Carmen* she gave a representation of the heroine different from any that we had before seen. Emphasizing the tragical element to a greater extent than is usual, Mme. Lucca does not ignore the comic touches in the character. The wayward gipsy girl becomes in her hands a very dangerous person to cross in love, utterly given up to passion, and incapable of being reasoned with, yet at times there are indications that she acts with mischievous rather than evil intent. In the second act, when Jose hears the retreat sounded, and is about to go away, the way in which Mme. Lucca exhibited her passionate disappointment by flinging Jose's helmet and accoutrements on the floor was very remarkable. Signor Runcio replaced M. Lestellier in the part of Jose, and introduced into the part a somewhat remarkable attitude—that of standing with his hands in his pockets—for a private to assume before a superior officer. Mme. Valleria, as Micaela, fully sustained her well-earned reputation as a singer and actress of more than ordinary merit. The part of the Toreador Escamillo fell to Signor Soulaacroix, instead of to M. Bouhy; and, as it was assumed at a very short notice, it would be perhaps unfair to criticize the performance too sharply.

We have observed with some surprise a remarkable advertisement lately issued from Covent Garden. The management has shown a commendable enterprise in engaging Mme. Christine Nilsson; but discretion might have tempered enterprise, and prevented the statement that Mme. Nilsson "will create," not the parts of Margherita and Elena in Signor Boito's opera, which parts, by the way, she "created" two years ago, but "the opera"—the whole opera—"of *Mefistofele*." What next?

JUNE RACING.

SOME years ago there was no racing of importance between Epsom and Ascot. There were a good many meetings during the intervening period, it is true, but no very valuable or interesting races took place between the Oaks day and the Tuesday of the Ascot week. Racing matters are on a very different footing now. To begin with, a good many rich stakes are run for at Manchester during the week that follows Epsom Summer Meeting. Then there is racing for valuable prizes at Sandown on both the Friday and the Saturday of the same week, and on the Sunday the Grand Prix is run for at Paris. The chief race of the Manchester Meeting has been rendered important by the addition of 2,000*l.* to the stakes. This is a very large sum to add to a handicap, but the attendance at Manchester races is so immense that the Committee are enabled to be liberal. It would be much to the interests of other race committees and lessees if they were proportionately liberal in the matter of added money; for owners will send horses, and good horses, to run for valuable stakes; and where good horses run and the fields are large there will be good racing, and where there is good racing there will be a large attendance. Fifteen horses came out for the Manchester Cup. Gladstone, a rather lightly-weighted four-year-old, was the favourite. When not overburdened, he had won several races last year, the last of them being the Manchester November Handicap of 1,245*l.*, and it was thought that he was put into the handicap for the Manchester Cup on very easy terms at 7 st. 9 lbs. There were several false starts, which caused a rather tedious delay. When the field at last got off, Gladstone was held back until he came into the straight for home, when he was sent to the front; but he was exhausted at the distance, and he finished eighth or ninth. The race was won in a canter by Wallenstein. Fortissimo, who was ridden by Archer, had been leading between the distance and the winning-post, when Wood brought up Wallenstein with a rush, and won by a length without any trouble. The American-bred Wallenstein, who now belongs to Lord Ellesmere, was formerly the property of Mr. Lorillard, the owner of Iroquois, and he had run very badly when in the hands of his native master. Since he has belonged to Lord Ellesmere, who bought him for 450*l.*, he has improved greatly. Last autumn he won the Great Shropshire Handicap (912*l.*); this spring he won the Liverpool Spring Cup (790*l.*); and last week he won the Manchester Cup (2,387*l.*).

In our opinion, Sandown is the pleasantest racecourse in England, and where the arrangements are so good we wish they were perfect; for there are some things even at Sandown which are open to improvement. The intention of giving up the lawn exclusively to ladies and gentlemen, and placing the betting-men on one side, is excellent; but what a member of Parliament once called "the bawling blackguards" are still much too near, and they are by no means out of earshot. We should like them to be put both out of hearing and out of sight, as they are at Paris.

There were several very fine races on the first day of the Sandown Meeting. The opening race ended in a dead heat between Rowdown, the first favourite, and Sir Theobald. Wood, on the former, seemed to have the race in hand, but Luke rode Sir Theobald very cleverly, and just caught the favourite on the post. In the second race Wood again seemed to be winning on old Cradle, and he held a clear lead at the distance, but Watts brought up The Reeve with a vigorous rush in the last fifty yards, and won the race very cleverly by a head. Marden, Gerald—both former Derby favourites—Leonora, and two other three-year-olds, came

out for the Sandown Derby, which is a five-furlongs spin over a straight course. Marden made the running. As they passed the stand, Gerald made play, and soon afterwards Leonora also came to the front. Marden looked beaten, but his jockey gave him such a flogging when he tried to shirk, that he made another effort, and as the post was passed, Marden, Gerald, and Leonora ran a dead heat. It is said that before the deciding heat, the plates were taken off Marden's feet to lighten him; but, be that as it may, he won by three lengths, while Gerald beat Leonora by a head. There was another fine race for a Two-Year-Old Stakes, which Wyatt won on St. Lucia, by Rosicrucian, beating Wood on Cuba, the first favourite, by half a length. There were some very fine races again on the second day. For the Cobham Stakes 3 to 1 was laid on Cradle; but the old horse's victory was nothing like such a certainty as had been anticipated, as he only just succeeded in beating the two-year-old Bustle by a head, after a rattling race. The British Dominion Two-Year-Old Stakes is one of the most interesting races on the Sandown programme. A nice-looking filly by Cremorne, belonging to Lord Rosebery, was made the favourite. After about half the race had been run, the lead was taken by Drachensberg, a strong, useful colt by Julius Cæsar. The Cremorne filly challenged him and ran him very hard, but the colt won by a neck. Court Minstrel was third, half a length only behind the Cremorne filly. Odds were laid on Red King for the St. James's Stakes, but Archer brought up old Herald in the straight, and although Wood rode the favourite with great determination, Archer gradually but surely wore him down, and beat him on the post by a head. This was one of the prettiest pieces of riding during the Meeting. As regards finishes, the racing during the two days at Sandown was far finer than during the first and second days at Ascot.

A very nice lot of yearlings from Marden Deer Park were sold in the saddling paddock at Sandown before the races on the Saturday. The highest price given for one lot was for a one-eyed chestnut filly by Hermit out of Breakwater, which went for 1,050 guineas—exactly the same sum that was given last year for the highest-priced yearling at the same sale. It has been stated that the average obtained for the Marden yearlings has never varied more than ten guineas. This year it was about 289 guineas, a figure that ought to be remunerative.

The Grand Prix de Paris was generally considered to be what racing men term "a good thing" for Bruce, the defeated first favourite for our own Derby. Dandin, who ran a dead heat with St. James for the French Derby, was also to run; but he is not a stayer, and he seemed unlikely to be able to beat Bruce. St. James was scratched, but Jasmín, who had been only a head behind St. James and Dandin in the French Derby, was left in. Only eight horses went to the post, and Bruce won very easily, though by only half a length. Fenelon was second, and Alhambra was third. The running of Dandin and Jasmín showed what a wretched lot of horses ran for the French Derby—a race which, as we lately observed, was worth but little less than our own Derby. The Grand Prix de Paris is a stake for which it is well worth entering horses that have the least pretensions, as 4,000*l.* are added, and the forfeit is only 4*l.* if declared on the 1st of May. The pleasures of the day of the Grand Prix were interfered with by heavy showers, and many people received a drenching in the storm which passed over the course soon after the commencement of the racing. It may be worth noticing that the winner of the Grand Prix was bred at the aforesaid Marden Deer Park, and that he was purchased as a yearling for 1,100 guineas.

There is generally a good deal of betting on the Ascot Stakes for some time before the race, but this year there was none to speak of until four or five days before the event. One reason of this may have been that some of the horses entered were to run at Manchester on the previous Thursday, and another that the acceptance was unusually small. One of the first horses backed was Exeter, the heaviest weighted of the party. He is a grand, powerful animal, if a little wanting in quality, but two miles is a long course for a top weight. He had 5 lbs. less to carry than when he was unplaced for the same race last year; but he received more than a 5 lb. beating on that occasion. Lord Bradford's Retreat, who came in first last year, and was disqualified on the ground of a jostle, was to receive 6 lbs. from Exeter. Last year he had carried 8 st., and he was now handicapped at 8 st. 7 lbs. Fortissimo, who had run second for the Manchester Cup, was to carry the same weight, but, allowing for age, this was equivalent to giving Retreat 4 lbs. Edelweiss, a five-year-old, with only 7 st. 9 lbs. to carry, had run four times last year without winning once; but in his last two races he had run a good second over long courses, so he seemed just the kind of horse to win over a distance, under a moderate weight. On the whole, it was decidedly a good handicap.

There were eight starters, of which Retreat was the first favourite, Edelweiss and Exeter standing next in public estimation. The Duke of Beaufort's Faugh-a-Ballagh made the running throughout the greater part of the race at a very fair pace. When the horses had gone through the best part of their long journey and were running up the straight, Edelweiss got up to Faugh-a-Ballagh and headed him; but he could not maintain his advantage for many strides, and soon Faugh-a-Ballagh was leading once more. But the Duke's horse was not destined to keep the lead quite as far as the winning-post, for Archer shot past on Retreat, and won the race for Lord Bradford in a canter. This was undoubtedly a good performance on the part of Retreat; but he had not been a particularly successful horse during his previous career,

for, although he had run in thirteen races, he had only once won a stake. Retreat is by Hermit, and the stock of Hermit are in wonderful form just at present; one of his descendants, with Archer on his back, constitutes a very dangerous combination.

Lord Bradford won a far more valuable race on the same day in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, which was worth 2,525*l.* Odds were laid on his horse Quicklime, who had been the winner of the Epsom Grand Prize and the second in the Two Thousand and the Derby. Nine horses ran against him, of which Shrewsbury was supposed to have the best chance of beating him. Shrewsbury made the running, and held the lead almost to the distance, when Wood brought Quicklime through his horses, and went to the front. Gareth made an effort to beat Quicklime, and Springkell came galloping after Gareth; but Quicklime was able to win easily by two lengths, although he was giving weight to each of his opponents, with the single exception of Executor. Those backers who trusted so much to Lord Bradford's vein of luck as to lay 7 to 2 on Limestone for the Triennial, with which the day's racing concluded, made a serious mistake, as Privateer led throughout the race, and all Archer's skill on Limestone was of no avail to prevent the non-favourite from winning by three-quarters of a length. We hope to notice the remainder of the Tuesday's racing in our general review of Ascot races next week.

REVIEWS.

POLLOCK'S ESSAYS IN JURISPRUDENCE AND ETHICS.*

IT is difficult to give a critical account of thirteen essays on various subjects ranging between special branches of English law and the Stoic philosophy as interpreted by Marcus Aurelius. In a preface of three or four pages, which is a good example of his remarkable power of condensation, Mr. Pollock calls attention to a certain unity of purpose or treatment which connects the legal and ethical portions of the present volume. His readers will perhaps attribute any coherence of design which they may discover in the book rather to the intellectual character of the writer than to the nature of the topics which he discusses. It was scarcely necessary to explain the reasons for including in the same volume an exposition of the law of partnership and an examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Data of Ethics*. A practical lawyer of learning and experience, who happens also to be a profound commentator of the philosophy of Spinoza, naturally employs the same methods whether he writes on law and on ethical or metaphysical problems. In none of the divisions of the book is light reading to be found, and yet there is not an obscure sentence. Some traces of the humour which the author has elsewhere displayed in verse and in prose may be found in occasional illustrations of serious doctrines. Thus the popular belief that customs can only be established by long use is corrected or limited by the suggestion that children appeal to precedent "as soon as they can frame a coherent sentence." Protests against prohibitions imposed by one parent take the form of assertions that the co-ordinate authority is more tolerant; and if, as is probable, the statement proves to be incorrect, "the child's artless cunning falls back on the defence of bare precedent; 'One day I did it,' or words to that effect are brought out with an air of perfect seriousness and confidence." Mr. Pollock once published in a magazine of scientific pretensions a minute account of the progress of an infant through the first stages of nascent thought and speech. The same historical mode of inquiry is exemplified in his legal and ethical disquisitions, while he also applies to his conclusions the test of analytic or abstract criticism. "Both methods," he says, "are in truth useful and necessary, and either of them alone is imperfect." The use of the two methods, it may be added, requires the combination of wide knowledge with logical acuteness.

One of the most elaborate essays is on "The History of English Law as a Branch of Politics." It is not a new discovery that until recent times the English nation was accustomed to advance political claims as legal rights. The concessions which were extorted from the Plantagenets were always demanded on the ground that they were already sanctioned by the old laws of England, which had been irregularly violated or suspended. The same issue was raised at later periods between the Parliament and the Crown; and yet, as Mr. Pollock says, "historians tell us, and there is no doubt of the fact, that every one of these instruments" (such as the Petition of Right and the Bill of Rights) "is a landmark in the history of the Constitution." The question is asked, not for the first time, "How can political institutions be developed or transformed by putting on record existing legal rights? From a merely legal or a merely political point of view it seems a puzzle." The answer is that the operation of law is affected by social and political considerations; that "there are laws which wake, and laws that slumber"; and that the same written laws may be administered with varieties of spirit and of interpretation. In England declaratory constitutional legislation has almost uniformly been promoted by the advocates of popular claims. The rules and precedents which suited their purpose were disentangled from the inconsistent or contradictory doctrines with which they had been historically combined. In a comparatively simple condi-

* *Essays in Jurisprudence and Ethics.* By Frederick Pollock. London: Macmillan & Co. 1882.

tion of political society incompatible doctrines may stand side by side without practical collision. The King may be reputed absolute and the Parliament supreme, as long as the two powers have spheres of their own, and while they have no occasion of conflict. In the middle ages almost every European community enjoyed many rights which were more or less respected by their rulers; but on the Continent Kings asserted and enlarged their prerogative at the expense of their subjects, while the converse process established the liberties of England. Either of the disputants could prove that his contention had been at some former time universally admitted, and the controversy was ultimately decided by a comparison of forces. The American Colonies at first justified their secession by plausible reasons, though the English Crown and Parliament had the best of the legal argument. The feebleness of English military administration and the French alliance determined the victory in favour of the rebels; but there are many English Liberals, and probably there are some Americans, who still cling to the belief that the colonies suffered grievous injustice because they were taxed for their own defence, but not by their own representatives. Burke stood almost alone in his conviction that the question was one of political expediency rather than of constitutional law. Even in the present day the connexion between taxation and the consent of the contributor survives as a constitutional commonplace; but the balance of power has shifted, and the class which is rising to supremacy will use its new privileges for the purpose of imposing all taxation on a helpless minority. According to the old-fashioned fiction, Warwick represented Birmingham, and the Cornish boroughs exercised their franchise for the benefit of the great Yorkshire and Lancashire towns. When the proposed Elective Councils are established in the counties, theorists will probably discover that the small householders are the natural representatives of the landowners, on whom the whole burden of the rates ultimately falls.

One of the best of the essays has for its subject "The Science of Case-Law," which in England, and to some extent in other countries, has more practical importance than either direct legislation or abstract jurisprudence. Mr. Pollock successfully contends that "English case-law may fairly claim kindred with the inductive sciences." Legal opinions, like scientific conclusions, are founded on the assumption that the judicial decisions, as well as the course of nature, are uniform. If a commonplace proposition may be questioned, there is perhaps some objection to the statement that "the ultimate object of natural science is to predict events." The power of prediction is a result of scientific observation and experiment, and it is a test of the accuracy of the deductions which have been formed; but the object of the chemist or of the astronomer is to ascertain present facts rather than to make forecasts of the future. The practical lawyer is more immediately concerned with the probable judgment which he endeavours to anticipate. As Mr. Pollock justly observes, nature cannot be made uniform; but "law is made by man, and man can do as he pleases with it. . . . The object is to ensure the same decision being given on the same facts. In English case-law this object is attained by the most obvious and direct means—namely, an understanding that the Court shall follow the authority of decisions formerly given on similar facts." If conformity with precedent has in any case brought law into conflict with justice or expediency, the proper remedy is legislation; but in practice, the Courts, with the aid of subtle distinctions, correct anomalies by explaining them away. Acts of Parliament, except when they codify the law already declared, are among the crudest elements of jurisprudence. Mr. Pollock enumerates, with comprehensive precision, the conditions which ought to be fulfilled by a lawyer in advising on a new case. He first gets a clear conception of facts; he then guesses provisionally to what department of the law the case may belong; he next inquires into the law which seems to be applicable; and if he finds in a text-book a general proposition bearing on the case, he attends as little as possible to the form, while he studies the cases on which the rule is founded. The conscientious student cannot do better than study Mr. Pollock's exhaustive analysis. If he attends the chambers of a lawyer in large practice, he may perhaps find that his master arrives at his opinions by much more summary methods; but indolence, like other human frailties, and pressure of business, are probably left out of consideration when philosophers have occasion to generalize. The essay on Case-Law is in many ways instructive, and it fully establishes the scientific character of English law. For jurisprudence, or the theory of legal doctrines which is independent of special or national systems of law, Mr. Pollock, though he is by no means averse to abstract speculation, entertains only a secondary respect.

In an essay on "The Casuistry of Common Sense" Mr. Pollock attempts to extend to the subject of ethics the scientific or inductive character which he has previously applied to law. The word "casuistry" is used to indicate the conclusions, analogous to those derived from case-law, which have commended themselves to the judgment of civilized society. The inquiry into the effect of ethical precedents and inferences is much less simple than the discussion of case-law. It may be true that morality depends to a great extent on the judgment of society; but no man is bound, though he may practise a prudent conformity, to approve the rules to which he submits. Martyrs and other dissidents from public opinion are not necessarily nor universally in the wrong. Ethical students are compelled to exercise a legislative as well as

a legal judgment, while lawyers are only concerned to ascertain the actual precepts of the law. It is no concern of theirs that Parliaments or judges may possibly have established an erroneous or unjust doctrine. In another essay, on "Ethics and Morals," Mr. Pollock claims for civilized morality the sanction of general assent. He says that a Jew, a Stoic, or a Buddhist in the second century of the Christian era would have agreed in setting before themselves "as the rule of life the exercise of justice, truthfulness, temperance, love to one's fellow-men, and forgiveness of injuries." The inference that morality is independent of the religious sanction to which it commonly appeals is not universally supported by experience. The militant atheists of modern France deserve as careful study as the Buddhists or the Stoics of antiquity. The Paris Commune by no means holds the tenet of Eastern or Western sects that love to fellow-men and forgiveness of injuries are moral virtues. Spoliation, murder, and arson are in that remarkable society tolerated or admired in theory, and, when the opportunity occurs, they are frequently reduced to practice. Russian Nihilists are not less exempt from belief in the truisms which have hitherto been common to all religions. The anti-Christian Jacobin has also peculiar opinions on the relations of the sexes, being for the most part as intolerant of marriage as of religious burial. If the sanctions which he has rejected were still recognized, assassination might sometimes be committed, but it would not be publicly defended. Shameless women, exaggerating, as might be expected, the atrocious doctrines of their masculine confederates, win applause in some quarters of Paris when they openly recommend the massacre of the middle classes. Mr. Pollock argues with much plausibility against the utility of supernatural sanctions, which in his opinion sometimes obscure the real importance of moral conduct. It may nevertheless be doubted whether experience confirms, or will hereafter confirm, an opinion which is held by many modern speculators on ethics. Mr. Pollock quotes from a writer with whom he thoroughly agrees the assertion that morality depends wholly on the course of nature, which cannot be disturbed by any change or renunciation of belief. "Quite lately M. Renan has said in the same spirit, 'Les croyances nécessaires sont au-dessus de toute atteinte.'" M. Renan, who has devoted his life and genius to the destruction of beliefs which he deems unnecessary, is not a wholly disinterested witness when he asserts that all the requisite sanctions of morality survive. Ingenious arguments will sometimes fail to persuade even converts to negative doctrines that it is their duty to propagate their opinions by avowal or controversy. Reticence on such subjects was condemned by a late powerful assailant of established creeds on the ground that concealment of convictions implied a want of faith in humanity. The tendency of superstitious dogmatism to revive in unexpected places could not be more significantly illustrated. Confidence in a vague personification of mingled truth and error is as perverse and gratuitous a fiction as any paradox in the Westminster Confession or the Papal Syllabus. Humanity, if it means the mass of mankind, contains an abundant admixture of immorality and folly. According to a more probable interpretation, the phrase is used for some supposed common quality which is as unreal as the social compact. Mr. Pollock, though his conclusions are the same, never deviates into rhetorical flourishes in the place of reasons. The analogies which he sometimes uses to illustrate his arguments are legitimately applicable, if they are not always conclusive. It seems that "some sects of orthodox Hindoos are taught that the man who eats fresh meat will in future lives be eaten in turn by every one of the animals whose flesh he has consumed." Assuming that the practice of the sect were in itself expedient, Mr. Pollock asks whether it would be desirable that the belief of transmigration and its supposed consequences should be preserved. Every intelligent European would, as he assumes, answer that "it does no man good to believe a lie." On the other hand, there are some untrue propositions which it does few men harm to believe. The doctrine of carnivorous retaliation is perhaps too barbarously rude to be edifying; and superstitious fear is not an elevating motive of action. There are, elsewhere, other sanctions which are in themselves ennobling, and which are combined, perhaps inseparably, with the best qualities of human nature. Mr. Pollock is perhaps carried away by philosophical enthusiasm when he confidently declares that "the man whose moral convictions are liable to be thus [by abandonment of dogmatic convictions] unsettled has not attained real morality at all." Hops and vines are not the less genuine plants because they require the support of poles or poplar trees. It is perhaps dangerous to support by an analogy which cannot be said to walk steadily on four legs, dissent from the judgment of one of the most formidable of reasoners. If Mr. Pollock has in this instance not allowed sufficient weight to experience and common observation, undue reliance on argument and disregard of facts are not in any degree characteristic of his philosophic method.

KAFFIR FOLK-LORE.*

THE examples of traditional Kaffir stories which Mr. Theal has collected and published have very little interest as fiction. The tales are usually told, it seems, by old women in the twilight to people in camp; but they seem to be chiefly intended for

* *Kaffir Folk-lore.* By Geo. McCall Theal. London: Sonnenschein & Co.

children. To the student of the ruder mythologies, though not to the general reader, these Kaffir *Märchen* seem of very considerable interest. Rude and inartificial as they are, they contain the formulæ, or plots, of many European nursery tales. Mr. Theal points out that the several incidents may be dovetailed into almost any order. "They are so constructed that parts of one can be made to fit into parts of another, so as to form a new tale." This Mr. Theal calls a "peculiarity" of Kaffir stories; but it is really the property of all *märchen*. Every collector and student of European stories knows that there are certain "story openings"—as of a childless queen, a cruel stepmother, starving parents, and so forth—and that those openings may lead into romances fashioned by various combinations of a comparatively scanty stock of traditional incidents. A story may begin like "Cinderella," and may deviate into quite another conclusion, or a story may begin with almost any opening, and end like the ending of "Cinderella." The same property is noticeable in the great epic myths, as the story of the Quest of the Golden Fleece. The romance of Jason begins with an incident which we find among the Kaffirs—the escape of Runaway Children. Then follows the aid given by the Miraculous Animal—a ram in Greece, a beaver among the Samoyeds. Next comes the *märchen* of the heroes with wondrous gifts, Fine-Ear, Quick-Eye, and the rest. To that succeeds the story of the king or giant whose fair daughter betrays him through love for an adventurer. The lover performs certain difficult feats by the aid of the daughter; and we next have the incident of the flight of the pair, and of the discomfiture of the royal or gigantic father. In the Greek myth all this is succeeded by geographical research and adventure; and the story ends with the neglect, revenge, and flight of the enchantress, a tragic conclusion rarely found in *märchen*. Thus the incidents of *märchen* and myth, as Mr. Theal says about the incidents in the Kaffir stories, "are like the blocks of wood in the form of cubes with which European children amuse themselves. Combined in one way they present the figure of a lion; another combination shows a map of Europe; another still, a view of St. Paul's, and so on. So with many of these tales. They are made up of fragments which are capable of a variety of combinations."

We propose to show that the Kaffirs possess a number of the stock incidents of European myths and fairy tales, though those incidents exist in the crudest shape, and are very weakly and inartificially combined. When this is made clear, the inquirer will be confronted with the old problem—how do South Africans come to possess the same romantic store as Aryans of India, Greeks, Celts, and Scandinavians? Were the ideas carried away from a common centre? Did they drift northwards from Africa, or southwards from India and Greece, along the paths of rude commerce? Were they borrowed direct by the Kaffirs from Europeans? Or, lastly, are the ideas such as would naturally occur to the savage invention, and do races of Aryan speech retain them from a period of savagery less advanced by far than the present condition of the Kaffirs?

Before giving the formulæ of the stories, it is well to observe that, according to Mr. Theal, European ideas are rapidly affecting the Kaffir mind. They have borrowed our Devil, and regard him as the prompter of evil deeds; and they now draw morals that were once out of their mental reach. In the tales published by Mr. Theal, however, there is no Devil, properly speaking; and there are very few moral conclusions. Mr. Theal gives us the tales as they were told by natives and copied down by natives. With a reticence rather misplaced (if his book is purely scientific), he omits a variant of one tale which he thinks excessively improper. Now the study of mythology is often occupied with about the most improper stories that the mind of man can conceive, and one of the difficulties of the mythologist is that missionaries and travellers have not the frankness of the old Greek mythographers. Hence valuable materials for comparative study are lost. Dr. Smith's Classical Dictionary occasionally omits an essential fact from which the less learned, but also less fastidious, Lemprière does not shrink.

The race who tell the stories before us first became acquainted with Europeans two hundred years ago. They were then, and are now, pastoral and agricultural; made use of iron and copper; were skilled potters (without the use of the potter's wheel); were polygamous; bought their wives in the old Greek fashion; were "exogamous," deduced descent through males, and, by way of religion, worshipped real or ideal ancestral spirits, while at present they also show some symptoms of belief in a supreme being, named Qamata. To him their attitude is almost that of the Agnostic. "Does he help people?" the Kaffirs were asked, and they replied, "We ask him to sometimes, and we believe he does." There is this trace of ancestor-worship about the belief in Qamata, that he has cairns of stones here and there in the country, and passers-by throw a stone on the cairn. They can no longer explain this practice, but it corresponds to Hottentot usage at the "graves of Heitsi Eibib," and to Highland usage at cairns of the dead. Thus, if Qamata "was never a man," as the Kaffirs say, his ritual has some of the traits of ritual performed for men departed. This is, roughly speaking, the social and religious condition of the Kaffirs. Politically they are ruled by chiefs of various degrees of rank, but all of considerable power, and they are almost as litigious, in their own way, as the ancient Scandinavians. We now turn to their traditional legends.

In the first story, "The Bird that made Milk," the opening is

peculiarly Kaffir. Among a people who had no cattle was one man that possessed a milk-yielding bird. His children let it escape and fled from his wrath. Then comes that constantly-recurring European incident of the Runaway Children. Variants of this formula are found in Grimm's "Machandel-Boom," the Romaic "Asterinos and Pulja," the Scotch "Milk-White Doe," and in the opening of the Jason cycle. Dr. Köhler could doubtless add many Slavonic and Indian examples. In their flight the children bid a big rock open, and live inside the cleft. The boy meets a friendly crocodile with human voice. Now we come to a Beauty and the Beast formula. The crocodile is an enchanted man; the boy's sister is not afraid to lick his face, and (as when Sir Gawain kissed the loathly lady) the enchantment ends, "the crocodile cast off its skin, and became"—not a fairy prince—but "a man of great strength and fine appearance." He had been enchanted, like a similar hero in a Zulu tale, by "the enemies of his father's house." We forgot to say that the "Bird that made Milk" used to destroy a Kaffir's garden, as the swans of Norse legend destroyed the grass in "East of the Sun, and West of the Moon." There is a variant of the "Bird that made Milk," in which we first meet the Kaffir ogre. He is called a "cannibal," but he is quite recognizable as the old enemy of all of us, in the days when we read "Hop o' my Thumb" with believing minds. There is a Kaffir Hop o' my Thumb, who, when carried off by the ogre, sprinkles ashes to mark the trail. In the story of "Five Heads," we have the common European formula of the girl who goes on an adventure, rejects advice, behaves churlishly, and comes to grief, while her good sister takes advice, behaves politely, and makes a great marriage. Oddly enough the sort of advice given and the adventures of the wandering girls are very like the counsels received by and the trials that befel Psyche in Hades. These adventures, again, are common in Hades, and on the way to Hades, among Ojibbeways and Melanesians. The story closes with a common Slavonic formula. "Five Heads" is a five-headed serpent, like those with whom Mr. Ralston has made us familiar. He kills the girl who will not take advice, who will do all the things she is forbidden to do. He marries the good sister, who is polite to mice, who is courteous to an admonishing old woman, who does not laugh back at the laughing trees, or take water to drink from the man with his head under his arm. After his marriage the five-headed serpent became a man, and loved the good girl best of all his wives. In the story of "Tangalalimlibo," we have the girl who may not see the sun. She is cruelly sent to draw water by daylight, and, like the Welsh lady of the lake, disappears in the water. She is restored by magic and sacrifice. There is a very cheery song sung by a cock in this legend. In the story of "Sikulume," we have a common formula. In European, Egyptian, and Finnish fairy tales the hero, before setting out on a dangerous adventure, leaves some object—a comb which will bleed, a flower which will wither, a jewel which will cloud over, in sympathy with his fortunes. Sikulume leaves his assegai; if it stands still, he is safe; if it shakes, he is running; if it falls, he is dead. In this story, as in many others, we have the "swallowing-myth," best known in the form of Kronos swallowing his children. The Inabulele does the swallowing trick, and disgorges his victims alive. The story recurs among the natives of Australia. This Kaffir *märchen* ends with the formula of the pursuit of a girl and her lover by the father of the girl. As in "Tsar Morskoi" and "Nich, Nocht, Nothing," she detains him by producing a magic mist and making a magical lake. At last he is baffled by a magical wall, like the wall of glass in "The Black Bull o' Norway." The "Black Bull," who fed the girl out of his ears, recurs among the Kaffirs in "The Wonderful Horns." This story begins with a common "Cinderella" opening. In the Scotch and Servian "Cinderella" stories the girl is left an orphan, is ill treated, and is aided by a red calf, or by the dead mother in the form of a red calf. Among the Kaffirs we hear of a boy, not a girl (a boy whose mother is dead, and who is "ill treated by his other mothers"), and the calf becomes an ox. As in the "Black Bull o' Norway," the boy rides the ox, which fights other oxen and bulls, as the Black Bull fought "the Dêil." Instead of saying, like the Black Bull, "Eat out of my right ear, drink out of my left ear, and put by your leavings" (how truly Scotch!), the Kaffir ox provides food out of his right ear, and stores up the leavings in his left ear. When the ox is slain in battle, his horns still supply plenty of food; and, like the apples given to the girl by the Black Bull o' Norway, the horns contain "a new mantle, and handsome ornaments." By aid of these, the boy wins a beautiful girl, as the Scotch lassie recovered her beautiful princess. Now did the Kaffir borrow all this from a Scotch resident who told the tale of the "Black Bull o' Norway"? Of all the coincidences, those in the "Wonderful Horns" are the most amazingly close. Can Mr. Theal not ascertain whether there has been any direct borrowing from the "Black Bull of Norway"? We need scarcely analyse all the other stories. The formula of the false bride (as in some forms of "Cinderella," and as in the romance of "Berthe aux grands pieds") is one of those known to the Kaffirs. Here the false bride is not a designing girl, but a fabulous monster. The queen whose children are crows also meets us here; the children are usually puppies in European *märchen*. In the story of the "Cannibal Mother" we have the "fee, fo, fum" formula; the cannibal smells out human flesh like the giant in "Jack the Giant Killer."

Students of folk-lore, then, will find plenty of matter in Mr. Theal's book, and will be left, as we said, in face of the old ques-

tions of common origin in the savage mental condition, of distribution from a single centre, of direct borrowing, and of slow transmission along the paths of the ivory, slave, and gold traders. For ourselves, we cannot believe that, however the stories were scattered, they were originally invented by any but savage men. Mr. Theal's work contains many interesting Kaffir proverbs, descriptions of customs, and other ethnological materials. He does not speculate at all on his store of tales, but presents them as he has found them existing among the Kaffirs.

THE AMERICAN IRISH.*

THESE two books have an even closer connexion with each other than appears from their titles, for Mr. Pigott's *Recollections*, though containing a certain amount of personal reminiscence, are much more an informal history of the events of the last five-and-thirty years in Ireland than an autobiographic record. How large and how evil a part the American Irish have played in that history everybody knows. Mr. Bagenal's smaller and more compact treatise is, we think, almost the first which has been devoted to its special subject, and, despite a few little inaccuracies of expression, it is very well done. Mr. Bagenal begins at the beginning with as much punctuality as if he had heard and obeyed the exhortation to the celebrated Ram, and it is well that he does so, for there is no doubt a general impression (which seems to exist hazily even in so well informed a mind as Mr. Pigott's) that the American Irish as a political and anti-English body came into being subsequently to the famine. The fact is remarkably different. Mr. Bagenal shows conclusively that in the very earliest days of the Colonies, a proportion of Irish blood, relatively very considerable indeed, was introduced into them by the practice of kidnapping and transporting the Irish of both sexes as servants and resident assistants to the planters. When, towards the end of the seventeenth century, this evil practice died out, voluntary, or half voluntary, emigration began to take place at a great rate, principally from Ulster. Mr. Bagenal is further able to show that the Irish played a very decided part in the anti-English movement for independence, and that a certain society, called the Sons of St. Patrick, was especially prominent in furnishing men and money. It was after the revolt of the Colonies and the consequent abolition in no long time of the disabilities which had pressed on Roman Catholics that emigration from the southern and western provinces of Ireland became common, and this attained formidable proportions long before the famine. It was, indeed, before that event and the consequent exodus that the native American or Know-Nothing movement against the Irish which led to such sanguinary results was started. Mr. Bagenal is very copious on the attitude of the non-Irish population of the United States towards their Irish fellow-citizens. He admits and expounds fully the reasons of the dislike which, curiously united with a sense of the necessity of conciliation, composes this attitude, and he does not seem sanguine of any improvement in the matter. We use the word "improvement" designedly, for it is but a short-sighted view of politics which sees any advantage to Great Britain in this dislike. Mr. Bagenal points out very sensibly that, with all the frothy talk about the contempt of the Saxon, the insolence of England, and so forth, it is not till the emigrant reaches America that he finds himself definitely looked down upon as about half way between white and negro. With characteristic wont of logic (Mr. Bagenal, who, though loyal enough, is evidently an Irishman in feeling as well as in name, does not draw this conclusion, but we take the liberty of doing so), he vents his wrath, not on the United States, but on the guiltless old country. Besides, the result of the isolation and the evil odour of the Irish in America is that they herd together, and that they are not absorbed in their new country. Another thing which is clear from Mr. Bagenal's book is that the jealousy between Romanist and Protestant is much more of a upas-tree in America than it ever was in Ireland. The most violent utterances of the most disreputable Irish Roman Catholic prelates at the present day are mild compared with those by which the American episcopate panders to the evil passions of its flock and to its own sectarian feelings, in speaking of the common *souffre-douleur* England. Altogether, though Mr. Bagenal's book is full of instruction, it cannot be said that it is equally full of encouragement. The picture which it presents of a very numerous community kept together by its estrangement from other citizens in its adopted country, and perpetually nourishing and fomenting cabals and sedition against England, animated besides by a theoretical Republicanism which no tinkering conciliation on the part of English Radicals can satisfy, is not a cheerful one. There is only one bright spot in the picture. By one of the innumerable perversities of the Irish character it happens, as is well known, that the Irishman who will risk his life in this world and his soul in the next for a piece of barren bog in Ireland rarely takes the trouble when he goes to America to make himself master of the fertile land that is to be had almost for the asking. But in the few cases where he does do this the evil spirit seems to go out of him. Both the ruffianism which acts for Irish Americanism and the half-folly, half-brutality which subscribes for vitriol and dynamite funds are almost confined, it is said, to the Irish of the towns. The comfort is but a crumb of comfort,

certainly, for the Irish of the towns immensely outnumber those of the country. But it at any rate shows that it is possible for expatriated Irishmen to live in some other mental condition than one of criminal lunacy.

Mr. Pigott's book is a very much larger one than Mr. Bagenal's, and one very much more likely to interest the general reader. The late proprietor of the *Irishman* is known as a tolerably consistent Nationalist of the less bloodthirsty description, who has shown the courage of his opinions in times past, and who in times present has uttered some very disagreeable things about Mr. Parnell, Mr. Egan, and other champions of the present movement. We believe, however, that even in Ireland, where the cry of "Treason" is nearly as common as in France, and, as a rule, much better founded, nobody seriously accuses Mr. Pigott of "ratting." This book, indeed, shows no signs of any change of mind on Mr. Pigott's part as to the past, though he seems to regard the modern policy of plunder with the disguised contempt natural to a pupil of Mitchel and Meagher. Indeed Mr. Pigott pushes his consistency so far as still to protest energetically against the execution of the Manchester murderers. He does not, indeed, like a well-known historian and member of Parliament, complain piteously that Sergeant Brett got "in the way of the bullet," and so imply that it was hard that three fine young men should have to pay the penalty of the sergeant's awkwardness. But he seems, like every opponent of the execution that we have ever met, to have a strangely confused idea both of ethics and of law. As a matter of fact, the justice of the sentence does not in the least depend on the question whether any of the prisoners intended to kill Brett, or even whether any of them fired the shot. There was a conspiracy to do an illegal act, and in doing that act the conspirators killed a man in the discharge of his duty by the deliberate employment of means the use of which, to take the most favourable view of their conduct, they must have known risked the taking of life. This is murder before every moral and every legal tribunal which ever existed. It would be unnecessary to dwell on the matter if it were not that in the present upside-down condition of the opinions of many public writers on the simplest questions of ethics it is well to lose no opportunity of pointing out the truth.

Mr. Pigott sketches first the Young Ireland movement, in which sketch we cannot help thinking that he is unduly hard on Smith O'Brien, and still more unduly favourable to John Mitchel. He admits, however, that he was a mere boy at the time, though a sufficiently precocious one to invest in a very clumsy pikehead, and these are just the circumstances under which no man ever can form an impartial judgment of men and things. In particular, his praise of Mitchel's literary style is exaggerated. Mitchel certainly was sparing of the idiotic verbal frippery which makes most Irish patriotic speech and writing the laughing-stock of the world, and he wrote with a certain vulgar directness and force. But these are the chief articles of negative and positive praise that can be allowed him. The Brass Band and the terrible discord in which its concert ended; the Phoenix Society; the beginnings of the Fenian conspiracy under Stephens and O'Mahony, its progress, its detection, and disruption fifteen years ago, Mr. Pigott follows at considerable length. One detail not without interest is that the I. R. B., whose defenders have always loudly asserted its freedom from complicity with assassination (Mr. Pigott himself repeats the assertion), did by some of its agents threaten Mr. Pigott himself with death unless he gave up advocating moral force in the *Irishman*. He sets this down to irresponsible outsiders, which is amiable of him; but the fact remains, and indeed any one who has the slightest knowledge of Irish history knows that conspiracy without assassination is to the Irishman (as Henry V. said of war without fire-raising) "beef without mustard." In mentioning this matter we have to comment with reluctance on some remarks about the late Lord Leitrim which form the only serious blemish on the book. They include charges which ought not to have been made at all without the amplest proof, and which, if they were proved (and Mr. Pigott gives no attempt at proof) would not in the least excuse the deed.

Of the Home Rule movement Mr. Pigott says little; but he is copious and very far from mealy-mouthed as to the Land League and its origins. It may be observed in passing that the programme of the Association which Mr. Gladstone has just taken once more under his wing, though usually ascribed to Davitt, is traced by Mr. Bagenal beyond power of doubt to written words of R. F. Lalor, one of the men of 1848, who died shortly after that date. To give the devil his due, it is fair to remind readers that Mr. Pigott is understood to have considerable personal reasons for dissatisfaction with the Leaguers, who dealt with him in his capacity of newspaper proprietor much as a celebrated manufacturer of screws at Birmingham is popularly said to have dealt with his competitors in that business. But the gist of the account here given in greater detail has been published already in newspapers, and we are bound to say that the Leaguers have hitherto been absolutely unable to find any fault in it. That they tried hard to do so is certain, and it is not surprising, for Mr. Pigott is a very awkward antagonist. He accuses and excuses in an equally damaging manner.

On the whole, though Mr. Pigott's work is not unamusing, and though he himself seems to be in rather a cheerful frame of mind about the future of Ireland despite his wrath with the Parnellites, his book, like every other without exception on the subject, can only be read with the profoundest discouragement. It shows, as they all show, on how utterly wrong a tack the policy of conciliation is going. During the whole period covered by this book the Irish

* *The American Irish*. By Philip H. Bagenal. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1882.

Recollections of an Irish Journalist. By Richard Pigott. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co. 1882.

have not had one single tangible wrong to complain of. They have not been persecuted for their religion, they have had no legal disabilities, they have had more than their share of political representation and less than their share of taxes. Every place in the United Kingdom, from that of tide waiter to that of field marshal, has been open to them; they have been petted and pampered and subscribed for when Englishmen would have been left to fight their way unaided; and the sole complaint which they themselves could make has been that the law asked them to keep bargains which they were free to take or to leave. All this time they have caballed, murdered, rebelled; rebelled, murdered, caballed. After every sop they have snarled louder and shown more of their teeth. And we go on sopping them.

INDIAN OUTFITS.*

THE Overland Route and the Suez Canal have naturally wrought revolutions in Indian outfits. Sixty years ago, although passages round the Cape were occasionally accomplished in a hundred days, and did not, as popularly supposed, always require six months, the preparations for the sea voyage were still on a gigantic scale. Sometimes a vessel touched at the Cape, where passengers, reduced to their last shirt, got linen washed, bought a Cape horse or two, and a few dozen of Constantia wine; but it as often happened that the first land seen after the Start or the Lizard Point was the beach at Madras or the uninhabited shores of Saugor Island. Accordingly Anglo-Indian travellers laid in huge chests of linen, and, in addition to light tropical clothing suited for the calms of the Equator which was crossed twice, kept by them an overcoat or two for the cold weather and the storms of the Cape. When, by the energy of the late Lieutenant Waghorn, it was found that the trip to Bombay *via* Egypt could be got over in thirty-five days, and that to Calcutta in seven weeks, this vast outfit was somewhat modified. Passengers got their linen washed in the water of the Nile, or at Point de Galle harbour, and some ingenious person invented the Overland trunk, which was supposed to fit easily on to the back of a restive camel and could be put away beneath the berth of a P. and O. steamer. Four of such trunks were considered sufficient for one person, and any one of a studious and retiring turn, who preferred the solitude of the cabin to the glare and sunshine of the deck, not seldom added to his luggage a large canvas bag crammed with the Tauchnitz editions of Macaulay's History and Mr. Trollope's novels, and light works of literature. "The modest wants of every day" in the shortened voyage between Brindisi and Bombay are now brought up to date, and detailed with accuracy and clearness in the little volume before us. It is avowedly written by a lady, the wife of an officer; but there is no reason why the author should have hesitated to give her own name, instead of sheltering herself under the vague title of an Anglo-Indian. It is clear that her experiences are confined to Upper India and its large cantonments, and we should hazard a guess that she knows more about the Punjab, including the Derajat, than other parts of the country. There are some few misprints, on which we do not wish to dwell. A celebrated building is more correctly known not as Chalee Satoon, but as the "*Chalis-Satun*," or "forty pillars," and we should not select Cawnpore as a very popular station even for sportsmen, who would prefer Bareilly, Meerut, or Lucknow. But all the chapters are eminently practical, sensible, and to the purpose. The book is the result of solid experience. It is the work of a lady who was evidently bent on making the best of an Indian bungalow, instead of writing disjointed and querulous letters to her friends at home about the superior lot of a cousin who had settled down in a vicarage on the edge of Dartmoor, or of a sister who had married a rising barrister with a house somewhere in South Kensington and chambers in Pump Court, Temple. We do not say that young men or married couples will find every difficulty solved or every want anticipated in this volume; and we may warn readers that, though Indian life presents certain normal and unchanging features, whether it be passed at Chittagong or at Leia, in Tellicheri or in Oudh, there are some local terms and usages only applicable to particular provinces or districts. But, with a reasonable allowance for diversities of climate, character of the people, and social habits, which are modified by sea breezes or hot winds, most of the chapters will be found useful anywhere.

It has always been a trite remark in India that all English residents must live up to a certain standard of comfort. A young subaltern changes his linen every day or twice a day, with as much regularity as if he were Chief Commissioner, Brigadier, or Viceroy. There is no such thing as a servant-of-all-work who will make the beds, cook the chops, and wait at table. The scale given at p. 49 of this work is only just sufficient for a married couple, though a bachelor chumming with a friend might cut off some of the items. But an estimate of 120 rs., or 12*l.*, a month for the wages of the household, including domestic servants, the water-carrier, the gardener, and the stablemen, does not strike us as extravagant. The author is perhaps at her best when telling us how to manage a native household; and, whatever may be the position, length of service, station, or province of any class of

Anglo-Indians, they will one and all acknowledge that a great part of the comfort of their existence depends on the efficiency and good management of the "head-bearer" on the one hand, and the *khidmatgar* and cook on the other. With the author the list is not composed of sheer rascals and cheats, nor of the "best servants in the world." She is not blind to their utter disregard of truth on the smallest provocation or on none at all; to their dilatory and lazy habits; and to their want of appreciation of the value of time. But she bears kindly testimony to their good qualities. On the march and in camp, in sickness and trouble, they manifest an endurance, a self-denial, a readiness to put up with all sorts of inconveniences, a devotion and assiduity, a jealousy for the interests of their master or mistress which would do credit to Caleb Balderstone. And stories of treachery and baseness in the Mutiny or in times of peril are more than balanced by endless instances of sacrifices that saved their masters' property even at the risk of their own lives. The worst thing that can be laid to the charge of domestic servants in India, and indeed of the native servants of the State of all ranks, is that they are liable to be spoilt by prosperity and praise. We are warned that pay day is a good opportunity for saying "a few words of commendation" to those who have given satisfaction. It may sound ungraceful in us to add that all Asiatics are best ruled by firmness combined with conciliatory treatment rather than by direct or effusive praise.

There are sundry hints about furnishing and the decoration of rooms. It is somewhat difficult to get rid of the dulness and dreariness inseparable from white walls, protruding rafters, windows of large size, and arches that divide the drawing-room from the dining-room. Papering is out of the question. English carpets collect dust, invite scorpions and centipedes, and may conceal snakes. And the inevitable punkah "spoils the look of any room." But something may be done to alter the aspect of such a prison by lace curtains, the judicious arrangement of bookshelves, and elegant tracery on the walls or the punkah itself. Prints and photographs are now common all over India. The main drawback is the constant change entailed by the exigencies of the service, promotion, and sickness. No one settles down in India. Few men, except as pioneers in a newly-annexed province, ever build houses for themselves or buy them, unless at such hill stations as have a tendency to expand and attract invalids and pleasure-seekers.

The author warns her countrywomen against listlessness and *ennui*, and suggests a variety of daily duties as a means of prevention. Accounts must be strictly kept. The day-book of the *khansaman* who purchases the necessities of life in the bazaars must be audited and checked after breakfast. Stores may be given out in judicious quantities. Many ladies insist, most properly, on seeing the cows and goats milked in their presence, and even then it is necessary to give a look lest the brazen pots be half filled with water before the operation begins. Some householders are not above compounding the materials for a pudding or seeing them compounded, and paying a visit to the kitchen, where good results for the table are not seldom procured by unpleasant and unappetizing processes. All sorts of recipes for breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners, such as stimulate the palate in the hot season, are given in this book; but while hares are common in many stations, unless the native *Shikarries* have exterminated them by a system of netting which would satisfy Sir W. Harcourt, it is not every *khansaman* that can command a bustard. Captain Baldwin, in his *Game of India*, says that this bird is common in Hurriana, Gwalior, and the Saugor and Nerbudda territories. The *oobara* or smaller bird of the same kind, midway between the big bustard and the floriken, is to be met with in Scinde and in parts of Rajputana; while the floriken itself is found almost everywhere, and has been killed in the plains of Bengal, within 80 miles of Calcutta. By grouse in one of the menus we are to understand the sand-grouse, which are fairly plentiful all over the Central Provinces, in the Doab, and in the Punjab. Pheasants, we need hardly say, whether the *Moanal*, the *Cheer*, the *Kaley*, the *Koklass*, or the *Argus*, are only to be found in the hills; partridges, on the other hand, turn up in all localities, dry and damp, in scrub and rock, in forests and grass jungles, and along the lower ranges of the Himalayas. There is some inconsistency in the description of sheep and mutton. In one passage mutton is described as hard, and not easy to get; in another, as "capital eating," and "wonderfully good." The truth is, that good mutton can be had by ordinary management. The poorest animals, bought for a couple or three rupees, can be penned, stalled, and fed up to the requirements of the best dinner-table by any one householder or by the members of a Club in four or five months. And the same may be said of bullocks, though in parts of India they are only killed between October and March. Every addition to the live stock of the Anglo-Indian is, as truly said, not a source of worry and expense but an additional interest imparted to the daily life. Most people keep fowls and rabbits, a milch cow or two, some goats, and a cart and pair of bullocks. Our author talks of pits for quail and teal. That the pugnacious *Cothurnix* should be kept in the dark or in pits is quite correct. But for teal we prefer a large enclosure, wattled at the sides and latticed at the top, on the edge of a tank. One half the teal-house should be on the bank, and the other should take in several feet of the water, care being taken to drive the posts and hurdles deep into the sand or mud. But this aquarium is, of course, not possible in Upper India, where water is supplied from wells and not from open reservoirs. All these are "so many

* *Indian Outfits and Establishments: a practical Guide for Persons about to Reside in India, detailing the articles which should be taken out, and the requirements of home life and management there.* By an Anglo-Indian. London: L. Upcott Gill. 1882.

objects for a stroll round the compound in the mornings and evenings, and they prevent that utter feeling of misery and disgust of everything which is apt to creep at times over the most stout-hearted and energetic sojourner in a foreign land." It is not unnecessary to state that personal superintendence and regular accounts are imperative if the above-mentioned ingenious devices are not destined to become mere expensive appendages and reasons for fault-finding. With the most careful supervision tame animals will die, and supplies of small luxuries will fail at the most important moment. Those who are listless and inactive find that everything is going wrong. The favourite Arab has a sore back. One of the carriage horses is lamed by bad shoeing. A jackal has got into the fowl-house through a gap in the partition wall and has wantonly slaughtered more than he can eat or carry away. Cows, though plentifully fed on cabbages and oilcake, seem to give no milk; eggs are stolen from the poultry-yard and paid for in the daily accounts, as if they had been bought in the open bazaar. And worse vicissitudes in the shape of discomfort and illness may be the penalty of neglect to see that the water is properly boiled and filtered, and that the cooking utensils are tinned on a certain date in every month. In fact, careless masters and mistresses make bad servants, and it is the English magistrate or merchant and his wife who are partly to blame for the difference between Gopinath, the faithful valet who religiously keeps the cast-off buttons and old jerseys of his master, and Urjun, the faithless varlet who has disposed of the studs or the gold medal won ten years before for the Persian language in the College of Fort William. There is a thoroughly well-authenticated story of the late Lord Lawrence, who had entrusted the *Koh-i-noor* diamond, after the annexation of the Punjab, to the keeping of his old Sirdar bearer. The latter produced it when called on, neatly wrapped up in some old clothes, as a bit of crystal on which the Sahib, as he thought, had set an extraordinary value.

The chapter on gardening and forests is full of useful hints, and we are glad to see that the small tenant or Ryot is given due credit for a considerable knowledge of farming after his primitive fashion. No one in India can employ labourers to dig, trench, and weed the garden, or to cultivate indigenous and English vegetables, with due regard to shelter, watering, seasons, and times, without becoming an observant and improving agriculturist. The book, to sum up, is thoroughly healthy in tone and practical in its scope, and can be confidently recommended to the "persons about to reside in India" to whom it is especially addressed.

FOR LOVE AND HONOUR.*

GOETHE, in his beautiful lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise that he ever kept himself free from that bondage which most of us suffer so complacently, if not gladly—the bondage of *Das Gemeine*. And from this bondage Mr. Addison (Francis is, we believe, a masculine name, though the evidence of the book itself points rather to a female hand) has certainly contrived in no small degree to break. Whatever else his novel may be, it is not commonplace. And how much this means only those whose fate compels them to sift the intolerable dust-heap of contemporary fiction can rightly appreciate. "Will no one," cried an unhappy critic in the decadence of the French school of classical tragedy, "will no one deliver us from these Greeks and Romans?" Will no one deliver us, is our cry to-day, from this eternal mixture of the *Morning Post* and the *Daily Telegraph*, of Jeames de la Pluche and Adolescents Leo, the two prime ingredients of the fashionable novel? And, over and above all, will no one deliver us from that monstrous growth of modern ennui, the terrible aesthete? He was bad enough, in all conscience, in real life, with his vulgarity, his unloveliness, and his impudence; but on the stage or in the novel he is intolerable. There is one of the breed, by the way, in Mr. Addison's story; but he is not a bad sort of creature at bottom, and quite as ready to laugh at himself and the fools he makes as even Mr. Burnand or Mr. Gilbert could be. "Don't upset the show, old man," he remonstrates with a friend who has not met him for a long while, and objects to him that he looks as though he were going to drop to pieces—"I'm only aesthetic." There is rather a happy summary, too, of the new order of things—the old order, perhaps, as we should call it now—put into the mouth of another of the characters, who has but lately made trial of it. "I had no idea how delightful society was—with its lilies and sunflowers and dados and curious dresses; and the people are so charming. None of the old conventionalities, no religion, very little faith, hardly any charity, and nearly all sunflowers." If it be true, however, as the speaker goes on to declare, that "no one thinks seriously of anything but how to be witty," one cannot but wonder at the lamentably small result of their seriousness.

Mr. Addison is certainly not commonplace. But freedom from the commonplace is sometimes purchased at the expense of common sense. The desire for originality draws us sometimes a little too near to the ridiculous, as, indeed, that amorphous race of beings which Mr. Addison gently laughs at in the person of Harold Belouse so plainly show us. Now, we will not say that Mr. Addison is ever ridiculous, but certainly he is at times eccentric; he gets, here and there, a little too far away from the centre, a

little too far away from the reason and nature of things. Cleverly as the man is brought before us, and consistently as he is kept before us, such a character as Sebastian Fleming seems rather too abnormal and mysterious a being to have any proper place in a story of every-day life, or a story, as we should rather say, professing to deal with the men and women who live and move and have their being around us to-day—for the story itself certainly travels a good deal out of the common groove of modern humanity. This Fleming is a strange bundle of memories; now we think of that legless, armless horror in one of Mr. Wilkie Collins's tales; now of Lord Lytton's Margrave in the *Strange Story*; anon a vision of Mr. Le Fanu's Uncle Silas rises before us; and then, again, *The Case of Mr. Lucraft* occurs to us. Not that we would for an instant deprive Mr. Addison of the honour of having evolved this extraordinary creation from the depths of his own inner and unaided consciousness. But the intrusion of this weird, almost supernatural, personage in a circle of human beings who, whatever their individual peculiarities of character and behaviour may be, are presumably the beings of our own time, almost inevitably sets the reader's memory on the track of such other combinations of the mystical and the matter of fact as fiction may afford. Nor does Mr. Addison seem himself quite sure what he would be at with this monster that, like a second Frankenstein, he has created to be his master rather than his servant. He does not quite succeed in assuring us that, how puzzled soever we may be, he himself is in the secret. It is difficult to make out not only what is the nature of the mysterious influence Fleming exercises over his victims, or what the contract he makes with them; but also what is his own motive—whether he acts through sheer malignity and a love of mischief, sheer "cussedness," as the Americans would say, or moved by some deeper and less human agency. To one of his victims, who, not unreasonably, presses the question home to him, he offers a variety of motives:—

We all have a greed for something—one for fame, another for ease, and so on. I am no exception. My greed for money is satisfied; yet I must still greed. Why should I not set all my hopes upon obtaining your destruction, just as, in a game of chess, I centre all my energies upon mating my adversary's king? That is one hypothesis, and not an unreasonable one. You know that I am an ardent chess-player; why should not the game be played upon a higher scale? If that motive is not sufficient explanation, take another. Suppose that I have Corsican blood in my veins, and can nurse vengeance in my heart until the last of my enemy's line is vanquished under my hand. That is scarcely so tenable an idea as the former; but we might find yet another. Suppose that I am a monomaniac; that I am mad upon one subject, as nearly every one is, in a larger or smaller degree; and that destructiveness is the form of madness which distinguishes me. Take it that I have sufficient foresight, wisdom, cunning—what you will—to guard myself from imprisonment as a dangerous maniac by making my victims the martyrs of their own free will, and you have an explanation of all that perplexes you. I offer these suggestions that you may not be led to pledge yourself to the fulfilment of a promise which I, from mercy or any other cause, may not call upon you to perform. Think yourself dealing with an incurable madman, but understand that the promise you give him is with the full knowledge of your liability and his unalterable nature. Recognize that, mad, iniquitous, damnable as I may be, the promise given to me must be as binding upon you as though it were made to the man or woman you most reverence.

Mephistopheles, as George Eliot has somewhere said, would inevitably commit blunders in real life. What she should have said is that Mephistopheles cannot exist in real life; and the author who makes his Mephistopheles mortal commits a blunder beyond which there is no passing. "We only tolerate miracles," says Lessing, "in the physical world; in the moral, everything must retain its natural course. . . . The motives for every resolve must never produce more than they could produce in accordance with strict probability." Had Mr. Addison insinuated a supposition of the supernatural into his story, as Lord Lytton did in his *Strange Story*; had he impressed us with the idea that there was something more in this Sebastian Fleming than "met the eye," all might have been well enough; the supernatural, the mystical, in fiction at least, knows no laws. But this Fleming is only of mortal mould like the rest of us; and when he gets at last really too bad for any one's patience, he is coolly tossed over a precipice, and so made a simple and convenient end of. Mr. Addison must really pardon us, then, for saying that it is too much to require us to take seriously such a rodomontade as that we have quoted—to require us, indeed, to take seriously at all such a bundle of impossibilities as Fleming.

Nor is Mr. Addison always more satisfactory when he descends to the human. One of his heroes, Josef Benedek, the handsome young fiddler, is one of the most offensive personages we have met with even in modern fiction. Evidently we are required to sympathize with him, with his loves and his sorrows, his short-lived triumph, and his early death. With his simple-minded, honest old father, one of the most pleasing characters, because the most natural, in the book, we can indeed sympathize amply, if for no other reason, for being burdened with so odious and impracticable a son. But for this drunken, good-for-nothing, impudent young fiddling Lothario, it is not possible for any minds, save those who can find in such characters as Marguerite Gautier their ideal of suffering humanity, to feel aught but disgust. And the ease, the willingness with which Dorothy succumbs to these vulgar fascinations most sadly checks the sympathy we are at first inclined to give to a very engaging little personality. When we find her indulging in such strains as this to her young fiddler:—"Why should we marry? Is it not joy enough to sit as we sit now, hand in hand, and face to face? What need have we of any other tie than that which links us

* *For Love and Honour*. A Novel. By Francis Addison. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1882.

now? Our souls are wedded; that is enough. We are not animal, or gross in our natures. We can love until we die, in such purity as we have lived. Why should we not live together under the same roof, yet unmarried, as Gerard and I have lived?"—and when, reminded by her fiddler that "we must not cheat ourselves with sweet illusions," we find her agreeing with him that there can be for them no "greater joy than to die lips to lips, heart to heart, and suffer no pang of separation," and consenting to go with him, "to rest and peace for evermore," over the parapet on which this startling conversation took place, into "the dark river silently flowing to the sea"—we are certainly inclined to re-echo her cry, "Oh, help me to do right, my brother, for I am weak," or to call her by an even harder name still.

However all is not so bad as this. Gerard, for example, is a fine fellow, a manly English nature at its best, self-denying, generous, yet very human. And smaller characters, such as Stephen Launce, Mrs. Betterton, and Harold Belouse, are sketched neatly and happily. The language, too, despite the outrageousness of some of the sentiments, is rather more simple and straightforward than the sentimental novelist is prone to indulge in. Where Mr. Addison is to stand among the overwhelming press of his contemporaries Heaven forbid that we should attempt to decide; but it is certain that many worse novels will be written in this year of grace, and it is conceivable that Mr. Addison himself may write a better one. But he will do well to remember that so large a part of modern existence is given over to eccentricity that the cultivation of sanity is now almost the best title to the praise Goethe gave to his dead friend's memory:—

And far behind, in shadowy outline, lay
The Common, which we all, alas! obey.

WHITE ON NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.*

THAT Mr. White's work should have reached a second edition is an encouraging sign, as showing how much general attention the science of naval designing now receives. Mr. Barnaby, if we remember rightly, once expressed himself rather despondently on this subject, and complained that the advantages which Greenwich offered to those who wished to obtain a scientific knowledge of their profession did not seem to be duly appreciated. The fact, however, of his very able subordinate's work being so widely read shows that there are many keen students, as, albeit the higher mathematics are not entered upon in the Manual, it is a purely scientific work, the author having steadily confined himself to an explanation of the modern theory of naval architecture, and indulged in no disquisitions on popular subjects. If for such a book a large number of readers have been found, it is tolerably certain that many of those connected with shipbuilding are really anxious to obtain knowledge of the principles of modern designing.

Perhaps some of these readers may—through no fault of Mr. White's—have been a little disappointed when they had mastered the Manual. Of late years a considerable advance has undoubtedly been made in knowledge of the resistance of ships, and of rolling—or, in other words, of behaviour in a sea; but a great deal remains to be learnt, and many data are yet wanting. The necessary result is that in what is written on the subject there is sometimes a good deal of hypothesis and a good deal of haziness; and when the reader has carefully examined the reasoning presented to him, he finds himself rather bewildered—perhaps in no small degree bewildered if he has carefully distinguished between what is assumed and what is proved. He may possibly, if much puzzled by vagueness and uncertainty of language, and by the indiscriminate heaping together of conclusions obtained by reasoning from absolute data and of conclusions obtained by reasoning from doubtful data, and by formulas which certainly show no want of courage on the part of those who put them forward, hastily form a wide inference himself and condemn the scientific theory as untrustworthy for the most part. In doing so he would be entirely wrong, but it is only fair to say that his error would be in no small degree due to his instructors. Although it can hardly be denied that the science of naval architecture is at present, notwithstanding recent advances, in a very imperfect state, writers do not always think fit to admit the fact, and their treatises leave in consequence a troubled impression, and compare very ill with writings which relate to more perfect sciences. The difficulty which is found in giving elementary explanations shows how many gaps there are. It has been found possible, for instance, to describe in popular language the results of astronomy, and even to give an outline of the processes by which those results have been obtained, and in like manner the most complex chemical research has been explained; but the writer on naval architecture can never get on for long without mathematics, following the established example of professors of imperfect sciences, who are always a great deal more technical than professors of sciences which approach completeness. Unfortunately, too, writers on naval architecture occasionally appear prone to those mathematics which are based on the weakest data, and somewhat astray do they and their disciples seem to be led by them. How little the positive tone assumed is justified might be shown by reference to known facts. It would not be difficult to name vessels designed by men perfectly conversant

with modern theory which have failed in those qualities which they were specially expected to possess; but we have no desire to undertake the disagreeable task of pointing out the mistakes of individual naval architects. It is, however, possible to show that modern authorities are more fallible than might be supposed from the nature of their utterances, without any reference to failure in professional work. When the highest amongst them differ or speak confusedly on an elementary point, knowledge must be somewhat deficient; and not much research is needed to discover an instance of disagreement and ambiguity on an elementary point. In the first edition of his book, Mr. White, when speaking of a sea breaking into a modern iron ship, said:—

The interior is so subdivided into compartments, especially in iron ships, that, if a sea breaks on board, and finds its way down a hatch, it does not gain free access from the space thus entered to all other parts of the interior. Any amount of free water, however, which passes thus into a ship must considerably affect her behaviour in a seaway. . . . When a ship is rolling, the wash of water in her hold from side to side may so increase the amplitude of her oscillations as to jeopardize her safety, making her liable either to capsize, to labour heavily and ship more water, or to sustain other injuries.

In his second edition he modifies these words, and says:—"Free water which passes thus [i.e. from a sea breaking on board] into a ship must considerably affect her behaviour in a seaway, though it may not jeopardize her safety; this case is considered in Chap. VI." The latter statement is more cautious than the first, but both are seemingly to the same intent, and both are opposed to a dictum of the Committee on the *Inflexible*, of which the late Mr. Froude and Dr. Woolley were members. The Committee were asked what the risk of the ship capsizing would be if the unprotected ends were completely penetrated and waterlogged, and if water ballast was admitted into the double bottom of the armoured citadel. Their answer was:—

We find that, under the extreme conditions assumed, the ship, even without water ballast, would yet have stability, and would therefore float upright in still water; and we are of opinion that the stability that she would have in that condition, though small, is, in consequence of the remarkable effects of free internal water in extinguishing rolling, sufficient to enable her to encounter with safety waves of considerable magnitude.

It will be observed that the Committee—whose report appeared a short time after the publication of Mr. White's first edition—assumed as an indisputable law exactly the opposite of what Mr. White, a very high authority, assumed as an indisputable law. Now he appears from the sentence above quoted to have somewhat modified his opinion, but still to hold to it in the main. In his Sixth Chapter he enters into the subject at length, apparently adopting the views of the Committee. When there is contradiction and ambiguity about such a point as this, the student may well hesitate to accept absolutely positive dicta on far more complex questions.

The doctrines of the professors, then, albeit supported by elaborate mathematical reasoning, can hardly as yet be always implicitly accepted, and scepticism will not be invariably decreased by examining their reasoning, as, though sound enough in itself, it is sometimes based on assumptions which are not necessarily sound. To find a hypothesis stated as though it was an absolutely proved fact is not a very rare discovery for the student of modern naval architecture, and, as is to be expected, when what is proved and what is assumed are not sufficiently distinguished, writers on this subject are occasionally not a little hazy. Even Mr. White, who is far more lucid than most of his brother writers, is now and then anything but clear. Probably a reader who, without previous knowledge of the subject, reads his account of the stream-line theory will feel much as Mark Twain did after hearing the explanation of a scientific problem from the late Artemus Ward. Other and perhaps more marked instances of obscurity might be referred to; but it is far pleasanter to point out merits than to signalize defects, and the merits of Mr. White's Manual, the only treatise of its kind that exists, are undoubtedly very great. An exhaustive knowledge of all that has been written on the subject he treats has been used with rare skill. As the work stood when first published, it was admirably proportioned, the writer having adhered throughout to the same scale, and in the second edition there has been some judicious addition and expansion, so that now scarcely any possible objection on the score of want of symmetry can be made to the book, which indeed shows from beginning to end a method sufficiently rare amongst English authors. All the additional information is of great value, though some of it is not altogether pleasant, and is certainly not likely to be found pleasant by mercantile naval architects, who, having for long enjoyed the luxury of freely criticizing the works of the Admiralty designers, now find that one of these gentlemen is able to favour them with a little gentle criticism in return. Mr. White does not indeed avowedly criticize; but the information which he offers is not calculated to cause any very warm admiration for some of the latest productions of modern shipbuilders.

Much more satisfactory are the facts he is able to state respecting the use of steel in shipbuilding, which has largely increased since 1877, when the first edition of his book appeared. In the same year the use of this material received the sanction of Lloyd's. In the succeeding year 4,500 tons of steel shipping were classed. In 1881, 71,500 tons of steel shipping were built and registered, and at the end of that year 188,600 tons were under construction. Some of the great steamship Companies have, it appears, decided to use steel exclusively, and, as Mr. White justly says, the example thus set will probably be followed extensively. Of the enormous advantages of the new material over the old, which fully account

* *A Manual of Naval Architecture*. By W. H. White, Chief Constructor, Royal Navy, &c. Second Edition. London: John Murray.

even for this marvellous increase in steel shipbuilding, Mr. White gives a brief, but excellent, summary. After speaking of the superior strength of steel, he says:—

Another property of mild steel deserving notice is the practical equality of the strength and ductility of samples cut lengthwise or breadthwise from plates. With iron, as is well known, the samples cut lengthwise would have about one-fifth or one-sixth greater tensile strength and much more ductility than the crosswise samples from the same plate; and care has to be taken in many parts of iron ships to adjust the plates and butt-straps in the manner most favourable to this inequality of strength. Closely connected with this uniformity of strength and great ductility is the capacity of mild steel to bear rough usage. Under percussive strains—produced by the blows of steam-hammers, falling weights, the explosion of gun-cutting, &c.—mild steel has been proved greatly superior to the best wrought iron. In cases of collision, grounding, &c., ships built of mild steel have had their plating bulged and bent without cracking under circumstances which would have broken through less ductile iron plates. And in the shipyard much work can be done on steel cold, which could only be done on iron after heating.

To set against these advantages there is, no doubt, one terrible disadvantage, the cost of steel, which is still considerably greater than that of iron; but in all probability it will be found practicable to diminish this to such an extent as will make it, on the whole, more economical to build steel than to build iron vessels.

Other subjects relating to naval architecture are more fully treated by Mr. White in his second edition than in his first; but of these we have not now space to speak. It is enough to say that in each case he has amplified with admirable judgment. Of the merits of the Manual as a whole we have already spoken, but indeed praise is almost superfluous, as its general acceptance sufficiently proves its high value. The excellence of the work has long been recognized, and the second edition will probably be even more widely studied than the first was. We have endeavoured to show that the theory of naval architecture is perhaps not quite so perfect as Mr. White appears to think it; but there can be no doubt that of such knowledge as now exists he is a most able exponent. The success of his work shows how great is the interest felt in the subject he treats so well, and the second edition will doubtless be followed by others. Perhaps in the seventh or eighth the author will be able to point out what great advances in knowledge of the principles which govern naval architecture have been made since the year 1882.

EAU-DE-NIL.*

MISS HOPE-EDWARDES seems, if we may judge from some remarks in the preface, to have formed a fair estimate of the value of her book. She went to Egypt in the winter of 1880 with an invalid brother, and "sent home a journal, which appears here nearly as it was written. . . . The only reason for publishing it is that we seem, by comparison with other pleasure-tourists, to have had an unusual amount of talk with *les indigènes*—why not call them the natives?—and to have observed some lesser details of their ways and thoughts." It is refreshing to meet with a book written by a tourist who has observed anything at all, and one is content to leave the question of justification, and to be thankful that some rather amusing accounts of Arab manners and conversation take the place of those religious, sentimental, or facetious meditations which, mingled with scraps of information from guide-books, go to make up perhaps nine-tenths of the volumes published nowadays about travels in the East. Miss Hope-Edwarde tells the story of her five months' stay in Egypt pleasantly enough, on the whole; and the fears excited by the preface with regard to the needless use of French words are not realized; and the style, but for occasional lapses in the matter of grammar, is light and agreeable. Of course the narrative, being in the form of a diary, goes over ground which has been covered again and again by one tourist after another; but, if there still remain any untravelled persons who have not found out at secondhand what a voyage up the Nile is like, they may form tolerably correct ideas on the subject from the account here given. Miss Hope-Edwarde does not fall into the common error of supposing that the personal history of herself and her party will be interesting to the world at large, nor does she affect that air of omniscience which a superficial acquaintance with the works of Murray or Baedeker generally imparts to tourist narratives. She wisely says as little as possible about the monuments of ancient Egypt, and seems, indeed, now and then to have regarded the task of visiting tombs as a somewhat tiresome duty. On the other hand, the country, the crops, and *les indigènes*, were to her constant sources of interest and amusement, and though her researches into these subjects are not deep, yet she has some power of observation, and a great deal of sympathy with the thoughts and feelings of the people.

Following the course of the narrative, we find the usual description of landing at Alexandria, falling into the hands of a dragoman, and seeing the sights of the town. Miss Hope-Edwarde either blunders terribly in her account of the so-called Pompey's Pillar, or lays herself open to misconception by saying that the pillar was erected by Pompey in honour of Diocletian. The reading generally adopted of a rather illegible word in the Greek inscription leads to the supposition that the column was raised by Pompeius, who was prefect in the year 302 A.D. It is scarcely legitimate to call this Pompeius Pompey; but we must

charitably suppose that this is what Miss Hope-Edwarde means. When the party reached Cairo, there were of course the usual sights to be seen, and, we regret to add, the usual descriptions of them to be written. Speaking of the Mosque of Amrou at old Cairo, Miss Hope-Edwarde mentions a pillar "at which Mohammed himself is said to have worked." We suppose that she is referring to the column which is believed by the faithful to have flown from Mecca to Cairo at the command of Omar; a flaw in the stone is supposed to be the bruise caused by a blow of the Khalif's korbash. At this period of her travels Miss Hope-Edwarde evidently had not made much progress in the study of Arabic, which she afterwards took up with some success; for she says that the "Seiyis, or running footman . . . runs on ahead, calling out 'Ya Walad,' to clear the way." As "walad" means "boy," and boys are perhaps more likely than anything else to get in the way, the *seiyis* no doubt has to "call out 'Ya walad'" pretty often; but the ordinary cry is "uarda," which has a tendency to be further abbreviated into "oah," especially towards the end of a long drive. The word is, of course, derived, like many others in common use in Egypt, from Italian. Enough having been seen of Cairo, a dahabeeah was engaged to go up to the Second Cataract; and when the party were fairly embarked, it really seemed as though we were to be spared the orthodox description of a sunset, more especially as no account of this phenomenon had been given even under the strong provocation of a visit to the citadel. However, the opportunity which was then lost is recovered at the island of Roda; and, though Miss Hope-Edwarde shows remarkable self-restraint in her manner of availing herself of it, she does not escape from the usual blunder of saying that "the pyramids glowed like gold in the evening light." As the pyramids are placed between Cairo and the setting sun, they naturally stand out quite black against a glowing sky, and thus form a far more striking feature in the landscape than if they took the prevailing tints of red and gold. We have seen them reflecting vividly the light of the rising sun. They really cannot be expected to reflect what is behind them. However, Miss Hope-Edwarde is generally accurate enough in description, and in this instance she errs in company with Baedeker.

In describing the journey up the Nile there is perhaps even less room for originality than in an account of Cairo. We find here the usual donkey rides, visits to temples, Arab sheikhs and English Consuls, and bargainings for eggs, mutton, and antiquities. The observations upon Egyptian art certainly go to prove the writer's wisdom in letting such matters alone as a general rule. The remarks at p. 235 about wall-paintings in the tombs give a fair example of the value of such criticism. Sometimes, indeed, Miss Hope-Edwarde seems to be uncertain either of her own meaning or of the meaning of ordinary English words and phrases. In describing the great hall at Karnak she says that "the colour is quite arbitrarily put on—but all by rule," which seems to be a contradiction in terms. Again, we are told that the Jewish captives in certain sculptures "are distinguishable from the Egyptians by their different features and beards, and numerous other intelligible subjects." The sentence is scarcely so intelligible as the subjects in question. On one occasion Miss Hope-Edwarde "saw a very pictorial scene of mourners at a house in which a death had taken place." "Picturesque" is apparently what she here means. The incidents of the journey, though for the most part commonplace enough, are well told. The dahabeeah became infested by rats in the course of the voyage, and a cat was procured at Luxor. The unfortunate animal was very timid, and at last disappeared beneath the deck and was seen no more. One of the sailors who was appointed to wait upon her discharged the duties of his office by constantly asking for food for her, and eating it himself, apparently without any attempt at concealment. Soon after the episode of the cat, the superstitious character of the Arabs was illustrated in a curious way. The travellers saw the mast of a dahabeeah which had been swamped a year before. They asked why it was not raised again. "The Afreet (spirit) will not let them," was the answer; "they have often tried, but the Afreet always pull it down again." The party were fortunate in the matter of health. The only invalid during the voyage was one of the sailors, who was treated with a pill chopped up in jam to ensure its being taken properly. Some vinegar was also applied to the patient's head; but the sailors, as soon as the authorities had departed, gave this to one of their number who was troubled with a cough, and made him drink it.

The interest which Miss Hope-Edwarde took in the sayings and doings of the crew forms one of the most pleasant features in the book, and contrasts agreeably with the indifference and want of consideration generally shown by tourists towards the Arabs. She had her reward in the affection which the men seem to have felt for her, and in the amusing conversations which are recorded in the book. Her chief confidant was the young dragoman Moussa; but we confess we do not like him so much as many others with whom she talked. He was evidently a shocking boaster, and we fear that he sadly imposed upon his good-natured employer. He said a great deal about what he would do in various contingencies which were not likely to arise, and spoke at large of killing one man, beating another, and so on. Still he was amusing enough, and talked very curious English, which is reproduced, so far as we can judge from memory of similar conversations, without much exaggeration. The confusions of gender in the use of English pronouns are very characteristic of Arab

* *Eau-de-Nil: a Chronicle.* By E. C. Hope-Edwarde. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

linguists. Moussa's story about doctors is perhaps worth quoting:—

My father was ill in his eyne; not see five or six days. I am crying always because my father not see. I am gone to the doctor, and tell it to come. It come and give him something, and he was all right by three or four days. Then he want take walk, because he got plenty business. When the doctor see him able take walk, he give him 'nother thing; make him little ill again; he not see again; his eyne all fat. Then I go and tell it, "Sir, you not do that business." He say to me, "What business?" I say to him, "My father not see again, because you give him something different to make some money." He say, "You doctor?" I say, "No; but I know that business, because I am been to school, and know everything." Then he give him something else, and he all right by one day. I not give it anything. My father say, "Moussa, you not do that; you give it eight napoleons." I say, "I not give it one piastre. The doctor say, 'Your father not, tell you give me eight napoleons?'" I say, "Unless you go quick I give you whip." And he went quick.

The opinions of the steersman Abdallah on the subject of marriage are somewhat amusing. He maintained that it was best to marry one's cousin, because "if you marry a woman from another house, perhaps if you beat her she does not like it; but if she is your cousin she is soon good again, and there is no quarrel." Miss Hope-Edwardes found, however, that the men were reluctant to meet their wives after a voyage if they had no money to give them, and she was surprised to find that the women had even so much influence over their husbands. Perhaps the matter is explained by the philosophical reflection of Abdallah, "It is bad when they make words. They know no better—their heads are small; but it is bad all the same." The Arabs are, of course, as strong believers in Nemesis as were the ancient Greeks, and Abdallah thus accounted for the death of his son:—"A man who had quarrelled with me came into the house one day and looked at him. Then he said, 'That is a beautiful child! He will not be black like his father; he will be like the child of some basha; he will be great.' And he never said, 'Praise be to Allah for it!' Then I knew the child would die; and he did." It speaks well for Miss Hope-Edwardes's progress in Arabic that she was able to talk with the natives about such subjects as death and the future state. Some of the answers to her questions on these topics surprised her, notably the liberality of opinion sometimes expressed with regard to people not of the Mussulman faith. She does not seem to be aware that when an Arab is asked a question, his love of truth is entirely subordinate to the desire to please his interlocutor, so that by a judicious series of leading questions an intelligent Arab can be made to say almost anything. However, Abdallah's answer to the question why some of the sailors said their prayers and some did not was probably a genuine expression of opinion. He said:—"Sometimes, if a sailor is young, perhaps he has not begun to pray; or, if he smokes hacheesh, or drinks wine, then he does not pray. If I ever smoked hacheesh, or drank wine, I should leave off praying; it would be no use my doing both." The close connexion existing in a Mohammedan's mind between his religion and his daily life is illustrated in a more matter-of-fact way by the remarks of a donkey-boy on the subject:—

I 'tend to my 'ligion berry well; wash every day in cold water, and bray every day in my mosque. In summer nothing to do, bray nearly all day in the mosque, because the God he berry good to me. . . . So I 'tend to him, and he 'tend to me. I tell you this, I not tell another one; I often give a poor man a franc, half a franc, two franc, in one day; then I think the God He give me ten franc, of course.

We have heard the same sentiments expressed in very similar language, and the formula, "I tell you this, I not tell another," is thoroughly characteristic of the Arab. He repeats it to every European who takes the trouble to talk to him, by way of enhancing the value of his confidence.

It is unnecessary to discuss the book further. We have said that it is pleasantly written; and we may add that, had Miss Hope-Edwardes been travelling in a country less generally known than Egypt she would probably have produced a really interesting volume. If her work is sometimes tedious, this is due rather to the threadbare condition of her subject than to her manner of dealing with it. Even as it is, those who are interested in books of travel may, with judicious skipping, enjoy an evening's pleasant reading.

THE GROWTH OF ENGLISH INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE.*

IT is not easy to understand what object Mr. Cunningham has had before him in writing his book on *The Growth of English Industry and Commerce*. From his preface it would appear that it has been his intention to supply students with a text-book of the history of industry in its widest sense—something which should serve as a companion to their manuals of political economy. All beginners of that study must have felt the want of a clear account of the history of what Mr. Cunningham calls "the body economic." Even that great majority of readers who always remain beginners in the study, who have read their Adam Smith and Mill, and gone no further, being content to accept the teaching of the masters, would welcome such a work. With even a moderate desire to know something of the history of the country, one may have a curiosity about a host of questions which few histories will do anything to satisfy. How did the mediæval artisan or trader carry on his work? What sort of man was the merchant or skipper

of the sixteenth century? How did manufacturers contrive to advance and improve in the midst of social conditions and legal restrictions apparently most hostile to progress? These are only a few of the questions which every reader of history who is not a student of the original authorities will have occasion to ask, and generally with small satisfaction. It is comparatively easy to learn how Parliament grew or how the administration was conducted; but it is very doubtful, in spite of the lofty claims of constitutional history, whether it does more to make the life of the past really intelligible than the ordinary histories of the drum and trumpet kind. It is not that works on these subjects do not exist, but that there is no work dealing with them as a whole in a way likely to be useful and attractive to the nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand educated men who do not read history in the original authorities. Mr. Cunningham appears to have begun with the intention of writing such a work, and he continues in it for some time; but by degrees he turns aside, and his book finally becomes a series of essays on the economic writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He gives a careful account of the Manor and the Guilds; but, from the moment that trade began to spread over the world and manufactures to grow into real importance, he ceases to give what his preface promises—a narrative of facts, "interrupted only by such explanations of economic terms as seemed absolutely necessary." He gives instead a great deal of talk about economic writers who dealt with their subject on what are now seen to be unscientific methods. In truth, the facts begin to disappear from Mr. Cunningham's book as soon as he loses the support of Dr. Stubbs, who deals with the tenure of land and the formation of the Guilds as forming part of constitutional history. This would alone deprive Mr. Cunningham's work of most of its value. The child is, no doubt, father to the man; but the history of the child is not the history of the man. The industrial history of the middle ages is only the beginning of the "growth of English industry and commerce."

Quite apart, however, from this poverty of facts, there is something in Mr. Cunningham's whole method of dealing with his subject which must still further militate against the value of his work. It is presumably meant for students at school or college engaged in studying their political economy. From the nature of its subject it must necessarily go beyond "such explanations of economic terms as seemed absolutely necessary"; and, as we have said, Mr. Cunningham goes very far beyond them indeed. It is, therefore, of the greatest interest to see how he deals with questions of political economy. His book will be useful or not according as he is in accordance with scientific writers. Now from first to last Mr. Cunningham shows a curious half-expressed leaning to some form of undefined socialism, which is most decidedly shown in his last paragraph:—

There was a time when each of the traders who first conducted the bartering throughout the country could use his advantages to obtain enormous gains on each transaction. It was no slight benefit to Englishmen when under the influence of royal power, and by means of voluntary association for a common good, there came to be bodies of traders who had to deal at reasonable rates. Since that old system decayed, the capitalists whose enterprise has given us connexions with all the known world, and enabled us to adapt new natural powers and products to our use, have gained enormously; but as we look round on our present condition, we may well hope that a new social organization will grow—not now instituted by royal authority, but winning its way and maintaining itself by its own fitness—which by the completeness of its organization of skill, and the forethought of its calculations, will once more give us a régime of reasonable prices and a reasonable wage.

Mr. Cunningham does not say in so many words that trade should be wholly regulated by the State; on the contrary, he distinctly recognizes all that private competition has done, and allows that it will always be the fittest way of conducting various kinds of industry. But he has an equally firm conviction that people need to be drilled and schooled throughout life into conducting their business honestly. When left to themselves, they have too strong a tendency to think of themselves first and of the State afterwards. In his chapter on "Competition" he tells us that "The Individual who follows his own interest without regard to the Family or the State is always a social danger; and a self-seeking which is absolutely unlimited by a regard for these institutions cannot be the basis of a permanent civilization; only in a well-established and highly-organized society can such individualism be suffered to exist at all." If it were not for the last clause of this sentence, it might be accepted as safe, if not commonplace. The individual who is absolutely without regard for the family or the State is ordinarily a swindler or a brigand. But from the qualification at the end, which recognizes the safety of the hypothetical individual's existence in certain forms of society, it is plain that Mr. Cunningham means the man who gets all he can out of his business and keeps it for himself. This man Mr. Cunningham obviously considers a dangerous person, and he thinks he sees signs in modern legislation that we are gradually working round to some new method of tying him up such as the law-makers of the middle ages were perpetually devising. Such signs are the laws against adulteration of food, against keeping unhealthy manufactures in the neighbourhood of dwelling-houses, and for regulating the employment of women and children. All these regulations Mr. Cunningham considers as restrictions on competition, and assimilates to the old Guild laws. There are, however, obvious differences between them. It is one thing to say that a rogue shall not poison his neighbours, and quite another to tell the honest man exactly how he shall do his work. It is all the difference between forbidding coining and fixing by law the amount of

* *The Growth of English Industry and Commerce*. By W. Cunningham, M.A. Cambridge: University Press. 1882.

money which any man may be allowed to earn. Mr. Cunningham asserts that the medieval Legislature did secure "a régime of reasonable prices and a reasonable wage"; but, for obvious reasons, he does not prove it. He takes the will for the deed, and has even a good word for the Statute of Labourers, since, from his point of view, it was unjust on the part of the labourers, when the Black Death came and swept off half of them, and so greatly increased the value of the labour of the remaining half, to ask higher wages. It was taking an unfair advantage of the masters. For the Guilds, until we come to know how they really worked, Mr. Cunningham has nothing but praise. When the ample evidence afforded in the seventeenth century shows that they were then oppressive and obstructive, he attributes it to some change in social conditions. For all the earlier periods he takes it for granted that they were what they meant to be. Of course a denial that any such organizations ever did secure "a régime of reasonable prices and a reasonable wage" does not necessarily mean that the Guilds were not useful in their day. They made the work no better than the skill and honesty of the workmen could make it; they never prevented scamping; but they made it possible for men to work at all. There is no advantage in working with the sword in one hand and the spade in the other; but there are times when, if the workman has not the sword, neither can he use the spade.

Mr. Cunningham's tendency to believe that the proper way to make a nation flourish is not to let every honest man make as much as he can and how he can, but, on the contrary, to see that he makes no more than somebody else thinks good for him, colours his whole way of judging trade laws. He continually deduces their efficiency from the goodness of their object, and credits them with succeeding in securing a fair share of everything for everybody. As he agrees with the makers of such laws in thinking that "a fair share" is not what a man can get by the "higgling of the market," but what, according to some very undefined code of morals, he would get in Utopia, he is far too ready to believe that they succeeded, or that it was possible they should succeed. His treatment of the usury laws is a fair example of his method of dealing with these well-meant attempts to make trade virtuous and self-denying. He gives a fair and accurate statement of the ideas and beliefs of the ages in which the laws against usury were made, with an apparent leaning to approve of them, though without committing himself to the assertion that they were well founded. But he proceeds to find a justification of his own for them. Capital, according to Mr. Cunningham, could find no remunerative employment in the middle ages, therefore the lender had no moral right to make a demand for interest from the borrower. He was only taking advantage of the borrower's necessities. The justification for taking interest now is that money could be profitably employed in other ways. We think there is a much simpler justification, which has the merit of being old and of putting the whole question in a nutshell. A man is as much entitled to be paid for the use of his money as for the use of his horse. The statement that there was no employment for capital in the middle ages makes it difficult to understand what motive Mr. Cunningham thinks men had for being as desirous to obtain capital then as they have been in later times. The truth is, too, that the usury laws, however excellent the intentions with which they were made, were either inoperative or did mischief. The student who is learning from his political economy that all interference with the working of trade is less likely to do good than to do damage, will find from Mr. Cunningham that that is only true in the present condition of society. It was not true, he says, in former times, and may not be true in the immediate future. He will conclude that the so-called natural laws of political economy are no laws at all, but are liable to be upset at pleasure. The alternative is that he will disagree with much that he finds written by Mr. Cunningham, and that he should be stirred up to do this with intelligence is probably the principal good he will get from reading the book.

We have dwelt mainly on the spirit in which Mr. Cunningham deals with his subject, because on that must depend the value of his treatment of it. We quite agree with him that "a great nation is not a mere machine for producing the greatest amount of wealth with the greatest amount of speed; it is an organism which cannot be healthy unless the conditions of distribution are satisfactory as well as those of production." The question is whether that is not best secured by leaving trade alone; and in so far as Mr. Cunningham argues for the other side, we think that his book, interesting as it is in details, is likely to prove misleading.

JOSEPH'S COAT.*

THIS story may be described as fiction in its least trivial aspect. The author has powers of thought and observation which do not stop at the outside of things. "Joseph's Coat" is an odd title, and the reader is driven to find a reason for it, which the narrative does not readily disclose. He might, indeed, conclude that it was adopted, as many a title is, not for any fitness in itself, but in despair of fitness, till he finds an analogy between this coat and that of the Patriarch, in the fact that both are connected with a history of deception and fraud; the author's point being that inherent aptitude for plotting in humanity which it needs only the quickening of necessity to develop into activity

alike in the simplest nature and the dullest intelligence. On this foundation the story is laid. Almost all the characters in it are plotters, only leaving the indispensable few who are to be plotted upon.

It is, of course, the business of the novelist to plot—his crowning function—and he does it here not only with courage, but ingenuity. Accepting certain impossible conditions, the tale is carried on with enough probability to keep up the interest; the author plotting, not with his characters, but through the machinery of their scheming brains. He has, moreover, the merit of sticking to his story and keeping a tight hold of it; not digressing into word-painting, but setting his personages well before us, whether through their own words or his analysis of the motives that actuate them. There are some telling scenes, and his power shows itself in making the situation bow, as it were, to the characters brought into it, instead of subduing them, which is the common effect of new and startling situations in fiction; the character of the rogue, for example, holding its own unshaken even under the most powerful assaults of circumstance.

It is an artifice of the writer to represent his knowledge as the result of personal experience:—

I, the present writer [he says], have found it necessary, for one reason or another, to face the world anew so often, and under such varying circumstances, that I have almost worn out the sensations attendant on the process. But, striving as a faithful chronicler should strive, to project myself into young Joe's personality, I succeed chiefly in calling to mind my first impressions of that melancholy yet inspiring business [running away from home]. I recall the heartache and the sense of freedom,—the regrets for past folly and the promises of amendment so devoutly sworn,—the dear regard for parted friends, the hope to meet again, the determination to return triumphant.

It is the same with the lesser meannesses of our nature. The said Joe on one occasion yields to persuasion, "and had all the satisfaction of seeming heroic without incurring any danger—a joy which I have myself experienced." He cannot even describe one of his characters inducted into the lock-up without a hint of something beyond mere sympathy:—

What a sensation to remember when the official's gentle hand insinuated itself into George's pockets, and possessed itself of penknife and keys, and purse and pocketbook. . . . Lord Byron has told us that until the ear becomes more Irish and less nice, the sound of a pistol cocking at twelve paces is remarkable. The amazing old ladies who get into the papers on the strength of the fact that they have been two hundred times imprisoned for being drunk and disorderly, may perhaps have grown used to another click, which has a singular sound on the ear of a novice—the click of a key in the lock of a police cell; but nothing much less than their experience can take the sting out of it. The sound seemed to run a little icy needle of despair into the criminal's marrow.

These little touches seem designed to bring the reader into accord with the general aim of the story, which might be described as a psychological inquiry into the nature of the class variously called knaves, scamps, or scoundrels. It is a study in the various shades of roguery. The author has no sympathy with his creations; his tone is sternly moral; but he evidently enjoys the work of delineation, of tracing ill-doing to its source, and detecting the scamp while he is still in favour with honest but less discerning people, and unconscious of his own capabilities. He unmasks the incipient rascal. His favourite in this field never shows worse to the reader, taken into his confidence, than when he is first introduced to him as intensely respectable, with a genuine horror of doing anything "agen the law," and with a deep-seated hatred of being cheated which almost amounts to a moral sense. Much pains and cleverness are expended on the delineation. The scene of the story is mainly laid in the Black Country and its surrounding rural neighbourhood. The author is evidently at home in it and in the use of its dialect. This George Bushell has made a fortune in it; but he has a brother more wealthy than himself, from the proceeds of a successful patent. Both are living in the manners and habits to which they were born. Joe Bushell regards his brother with respect; that woodenness of aspect which serves him in such good stead in the course of the narrative constituting him the final authority in family affairs:—

"Joe-ziph," said the intensely respectable man, dividing the name into two balanced syllables, "how are you?"

"George," said old Joe, seating himself; "I'm in a bit o' trouble."

"You don't say so, Joe-ziph," said the respectable man, with a wooden want of interest.

"Yis," said old Joe, rubbing his grey hair with an enormous palm. "I'm in a peck o' trouble. My Rebecca has been an' ordered my Joe out o' my house, an' he's took her at a word, an' he's gone."

"Dear me," said Brother George as woodenly as before.

"Yes," said old Joe again, "he's took her at a word an' he's gone."

"What did her order him off for?" asked George.

Old Joe told the story with rough-hewn brevity, and his brother nodded now and then to signify attention. In point of fact, it interested him more than it seemed to do. He was pretty nearly as wooden as he looked, but he had a very remarkable eye for the main chance. He saw money with an eye at once telescopic and microscopic, and he scented it, or seemed to scent it, as a sleuth-hound scents his game. . . . "Now," said the father when his narrative was finished, "what I want thee to do, George, is just this. Thee go an' find Joe an' fetch him hum. Tek no sort o' denial. He can stop with thee a day or two, then, when it's blow'd over wi' Rebecca, he can come back to me. Dost see?"

"Ah!" said Brother George, "I see." And he saw more than he confessed to seeing. He intended no wrong to anybody; but was it likely that young Joe would listen to his solicitations? He thought not. And if that misguided young man declined to listen, might not his absence become a source of profit to his uncle?

And so it turns out. Joe, the subject of this colloquy, plays a figure in the story as the suggester and subject of plots. His uncle helps him off the scene, artfully giving him a hundred

* *Joseph's Coat*. By David Christie Murray. London: Chatto & Windus.

pounds for the voyage to America—an act of generosity which not only touches the nephew, but lives as such, not unnaturally perhaps, in the old rogue's memory.

The other study, so to call him, is drawn with equal care and elaboration. George Banks, young and presentable, appears upon the scene as *jeune premier*. We prefer not to give the story; but he is young, with a grammar-school education, tenor voice, company manners, and good looks; though it is a trait pointed out by his historian as a sign of the impostor he is, that even in a photograph he looked a handsomer fellow than he was. Before he is found out by the world the reader is let into the fact that he is a "cad through and through," wherein he differs from the elder George, the scoundrel of firmer build. He is of the weak, slippery, contemptible order of the brotherhood—one whom "scamp" best defines, incapable of resisting any temptation to self-indulgence or escape from present inconvenience, but always keeping on fair terms with himself as being the victim of adverse circumstances and a cruel fate. Yet his forte is penitence; and, when there is nothing else to do, he is not wholly a hypocrite in this line, in so far as he believes in himself while he takes in the gaol chaplain and sheds torrents of tears. It is an extraordinary picture, especially when the old rogue and the young come together, George Bushell having learnt, since he put the delinquent into gaol for forging his name, circumstances that made it important to get him out of the country. While the younger criminal's tears have moved the chaplain, old George has gone at higher game, and succeeded in getting an interview with the Home Secretary. His offer of two hundred pounds to help the young man who had injured him to the colonies impressed that functionary with the old fellow's benevolence, and made him listen to his pleas. Such an effect is not probable; but the heavy woodenness of his manner and demeanour—all the clumsiness of diction, and natural defect of slow, dull intellect—tells, probably enough, upon the quicker, choicer spirits with which he is brought in contact, more than any sharpness would have done. He arrives at the gaol charged with his missive of dismissal, the young man of course knowing nothing of the circumstances which have brought about the change of tone:—

"Banks," said the Governor, who was moved within by this strange interview, though he was too self-possessed to show it, "I trust that never so long as you live you will allow the memory of this generous forgiveness to fade from your mind."

The prisoner was too amazed and agitated to say a word.

"I allays liked you," said old George, "an' I allays took an interest in you. An' now I've emplyed my influence along wi' my friend Sir Jonas Croesus"—this had, as it was meant to have, a certain weight with the Governor—"an' I've had an interview along of the 'Ome Seckitary. In a month's time you'll be set free, an' then you must try an' see if you can't act wiser an' better."

Young George slid from the bedside where he sat, and, kneeling there, buried his face in the cheap hard rug which made his counterpane, and wept anew. This forgiveness really broke him. It took him by surprise and by storm, and his sobs were torn up by the roots. He *had* been a scoundrel—he confessed it inwardly at last—he *had* been a fool, he acknowledged it. For a minute or two the burden of his new-born gratitude was hard to endure. . . .

"I say the same, sir, as this poor fellow here," cried the Governor, with the silk handkerchief in full play again. "Yes, sir, I say the same. You are a worthy man, Mr. Bushell. I am proud, sir, to have met you."

"Thank you," said old George, woodenly, and the two shook hands, whilst the forgiven forger crawled back to his bedside and wept afresh. It was a moving scene; and the practical exponent of Christian charity as he stood there shook in fancy—"If they should find me out after all!"

Conscience is a subject that exercises the writer. He gives to all his personages a conscience, leading them to a certain compunction for wrong-doing; that of George the younger exhales in tears, through which, however, while still full of good resolves, he devises certain lies and frauds which are necessary to set him fairly on a virtuous course. It is admitted that in George's case strict veracity in accounting to his fellow-passengers for his prison-cut hair would have been quixotic; but "the mischief is that, when a man turns artist in this direction, he loses the sense of that necessity, and seldom pauses at its boundary." Old George's repentance is made up of fear of detection in this world and terror of retribution in the next. He is made uncomfortable by a text. When he is forced to refund his ill-gotten fortune, he sets the act down to his future account, and finally makes a just will. Addressing the young lawyer, he says:—

"I allays meant to be respectable, an' a God-fearin' man. An' I gi'en my neww Joseph a hundred pound to run away wi', an' I've niver been hard—not over an' above—wi' the poor. An' what wrong-doin' I fell into, Mr. Keen, I have been sorely punished for, an' I want to mek things straight again, an' die wi' a clean conscience."

There he paused again, and looked up at John with an uncertain glance, easily abashed.

"I'm a goin'," he continued, "to have a noo will made, I am; an' I'm a-goin' to leave everythin' equal divided betwixt my neww Joseph an' my late private seckitary, knowed beforehand as George Banks. Everythin' equal divided betwixt them two."

There was something in old George's manner which John construed rightly, as conveying an expectation that he would be surprised at this, and would applaud it as a moral action.

People, we are told, repent according to their character. The runaway Joe, honest and true in his contrition, is ample to overflowing in his recognition of his demerits—so much so, indeed, as to suggest to the reader the exigencies of a third volume to be filled.

The John Keen here mentioned—a Liberal, we are given to understand, in his opinions—represents the upright man in thought and conduct, while of his manner we are told:—"There was a dry, aggravating air of self-possession about this young man, even when he was least self-possessed. He said little at most times, but

he always gave George the impression that he was thinking with cutting smartness." As for the fraud on which the story is founded, it is to the last degree improbable that two simple well-meaning women, even if the thought occurred to one of them, should have kept it up for years. The reader has simply to accept it as a necessary condition of the clever superstructure built upon it.

Not wishing to tell the story, we have left its feminine element mainly untouched. Yet Dinah is very carefully drawn—her character well sustained, her contrition natural. Rebecca, Joe's Methodist mother, represents that almost Roman rigidity of will which the modern novelist couples with strict doctrine as held by women. She so effectually succeeds in suppressing the fact that her son is her idol that he grows up in the notion that the mere sight of him is distasteful to her. The heroine stands in a position rather perplexing to the reader; her social rank as the heiress of three hundred acres and other good gifts is scarcely recognized on her first introduction. We own, too, to having been puzzled—perhaps a little shocked—at her ready betrayal of her lover by the exhibition of the bank-notes he had artfully committed to her care. The merit of the book, however, lies apart from such points—in its portrayal of character, in its touches of truth, in the nature and vigour of its scenes, and the healthy tone of its moral.

HARKNESS'S LATIN GRAMMAR.*

WE suppose Dr. Harkness is as little satisfied as we ourselves were with the Public Schools Latin Primer and Latin Grammar (see *Saturday Review* for September 8, 15, and 29, 1866), and perhaps this is an attempt to supersede their use in America, and possibly even in England. It is published by an English house, but though there is no printer's name to be found in the volume, it was, we suppose, printed in America, as the preface is dated from "Brown University, Providence, R.I., July, 1881." We observe that in the Catalogue of Works referred to in the foot-notes, amounting to nearly fifty, no mention is made of the Primer or the Grammar. There is certainly ample room for a better and easier elementary book than the Primer; but the author of the work before us has made the mistake of combining in one volume a first and a higher grammar, the elementary and the more philosophical parts of which are mixed together and distinguished only by the different size of the types in which they are respectively printed.

This, which is the chief fault of the book, will probably prevent its use as an elementary work for beginners. What success it may be likely to achieve in the higher department as a help to advanced scholars, it is not so easy to prophesy. The author is undoubtedly quite up to his subject, and has made, as he was bound to do, all the use he could of modern improvements in the science of grammar and philology. What he is deficient in is the delicate appreciation of distinctions which are palpable to the taste of a refined scholar, but which are perhaps scarcely reducible to rule. We notice, as a good illustration of this remark, his mode of speaking of instances where a noun multitude is connected with two verbs, one in the singular and one in the plural. He truly observes that in such cases the former verb is often singular and the latter plural. The instance quoted in evidence of this position is the well-known line in Virgil:—

Undique visendi studio Trojana juventus
Circumfusa ruit, certantque illudare capti.

Now any one who will take the trouble to inquire into the reason of the thing will at once see that the alteration of *certant* into *certat* would have been impossible, whilst that of *ruit* into *ruunt*, coming as it does after *circumfusa*, would have spoiled the idea of the passage, which is that of one mass crowding eagerly together, the units of which are separately vying with each other in exulting over the prisoner. And it will always be found, not that the former verb is necessarily singular and the latter plural, but that the singular is naturally used to express collected, and the plural separate, action. Not only has the author missed the principle, but he has actually mistranslated the Latin when he gives it as "the youth rush forth and contend," apparently entirely forgetting the context of the passage.

But we must not waste our space on special criticisms of particulars. Upon looking through the different parts into which this, like other Grammars, is divided, we naturally turn, under the second head of Etymology, to the subject of the genders of nouns, to see whether the writer has contributed anything to the solution of the difficulty in the case of nouns in the third declension, and this of course with reference to the earliest period of the school-boy's education. And here we were disappointed at finding nothing but what may be found in nearly all grammars—the ordinary rules, with the exceptions following each rule, with no attempt made to assist the memory either by reasonable suggestions or by empirical methods. Thus no hint is given that the gender of *arbor* as feminine, as distinguished from the usual masculine termination in *or*, is accounted for by the idea of the productiveness of the tree. And there is the same want of the easy explanation of the reasons for the gender in the general rules which precede the declensions of nouns, though this reason, in the case at least of rivers, winds, countries, towns, and islands, is sufficiently obvious. As regards such words as have no very evident

* A Grammar of the Latin Language for Schools and Colleges. By Albert Harkness, Ph.D., LL.D. London: George Bell & Sons.

sexual distinctions, we venture to suggest that those which must be learnt by rote would be indelibly fixed in the pupil's memory if the masculines always appeared in columns on the left-hand page, and feminines on the right of the book when opened. We have often wondered that this method has not been tried; but the author of this Grammar has not even assisted the eye of the learner by arranging his nouns in columns. The advantage of the arrangement in columns may be observed in the present volume at p. 54, where the instances of words which have only plurals are written in sentences across the page, and those which have a singular and plural of different significations are arranged in parallel columns. Whilst we are on the subject of etymology we may notice that this part of the work is far from complete. For instance, in the first declension the author has omitted to mention the nouns which have their terminations in the dative and ablative plural in *abus*, naming only *dea* and *filia*. Such a grammar as this ought to contain all the instances of exceptions to ordinary rules, and might further, we think, even be expected to explain, if possible, why they are exceptions. If this could not easily be done in the text, such explanations might well have been inserted in the notes. Thus, in such an unusual formation of a perfect as *ferveo*, *ferui*, it should have been explained that *ferui* could scarcely have been pronounced, and the formation itself affords good evidence of the Roman pronunciation of the letter *v*, which our author gives as equivalent to our *w*, but which is more probably a sound between *v* and *w*, the nearest approximation to which may perhaps be found in the French *oui*. There is one point in this part of the Grammar in which we sympathize with its compiler. He has returned to the old-fashioned order of the cases. There is no advantage, as it appears to us, to be gained from the altered arrangement of their order in the Primer and Public Schools Grammar.

Before leaving the etymological portion of the Grammar we cannot help remarking on a fault which is noticeable here as well as in other parts of the work. The type has been divided into large and small for the text, the larger being for the more elementary portion; but we do not see any distinct principle which separates the smaller-type parts from the matter which appears in the notes and which is represented in a type of similar size. In many cases it must have been difficult to decide into which place certain remarks should fall, but the arrangement adopted is unsightly and likely to discourage the learner. It ought to be easier to find the elementary parts than it really is in this volume, the pages of which are too full and too confused. The whole work has, if one may say so, a weary and repulsive aspect, and, regarded as a book of reference, there are no facilities for finding what is wanted. This remark applies especially to the Syntax, in which, after wading through 150 pages of very difficult matter, we suddenly light upon Chapter VII., which contains the Rules of Syntax, which it is stated are there introduced for convenience of reference. Probably the teacher who uses this Grammar will invert the order of the chapters and make his scholars read the last chapter before they begin the rest of the Syntax. This part of the work seems to us to consist of an endless system of classifications, without much attention to logical rules. For instance, sentences are arranged under the heads of Simple, Complex, Compound, Declarative, Interrogative, Imperative, and Exclamatory, and we confess we do not see the advantage of being informed that an Exclamatory Sentence has the form of an exclamation, or an Interrogative that of a question. Moreover such a mixture of cross divisions is extremely perplexing to a student, who is apt to inquire why these divisions are adopted, and whether there are any other classes of sentences not included in these.

In the Syntax there is of course a notice given of the mode in which *Oratio Recta* is changed into *Obliqua* and *vice versa*, and the editor has given an instance of both with which, for the most part, we have no fault to find; but here we observe the same want of appreciation of minute distinctions which appears elsewhere. The expression "*Eo sibi minus dubitationis dari*" would have been more correctly represented in the form "*Eo mihi minus dubitationis datum est*," than, as Dr. Harkness has given it, *datur*. And this is rendered clearer when it is remembered that the real expression which would have been used by the speaker is neither *datur* nor *datum est*, but *dedistis*. Again, in altering "*Quod si veteris contumeliæ oblivisci vellet*," the mind of the speaker would have been better represented by rendering "*Quod si veteris contumeliæ oblivisci velim*" than by the word used by the editor—namely, *velo*. In such cases, however, it is fair to admit that the writer of a grammar stands at a considerable disadvantage, because, from the nature of the case, grammatical rules must have a sort of rough generality which will not apply to every minute variation of meaning. There is probably no part of the work to which this remark applies with more force than to the chapter which treats of the arrangement of words and clauses. In the general observation that "emphasis and euphony affect the arrangement of words," it is, of course, impossible not to concur; but euphony appears to us to play a far more important part than the writer assigns to it, whilst his remarks upon the position of emphatic nouns or epithets seem hardly borne out either by the instances he gives or by those which might have been quoted as against his theory.

A good deal of space has been assigned to the Prosody, but this part of the Grammar strikes us as being ill-arranged and confused. We will give but one instance. After saying that a syllable is long in quantity if its vowel is followed by two consonants, instead of telling us that the rule holds as well at the end of a word whose final

syllable is short if it is followed by another word beginning with a consonant, we find the following observations in small letters:—"But one or both of the consonants must belong to the same word as the vowel: *ab sede, per saxa*"; and this is followed by a foot-note, "*Here ab becomes long before s in sede and per before s in saxa*." We had to think for a moment before we understood what the writer meant. After we have ascertained what his meaning is, we are surprised to find further on, as a note to the rule that "*The final syllables is, us, ys, are short*," a wholly unnecessary reminder, in the shape of another note in small type, that these syllables may be lengthened by being placed before a word beginning with a consonant; by which of course is meant, not that they may be, but that they are, long in case of their being so placed.

In the final chapter of the book which treats of Versification we are told, truly enough, that Latin versification is based upon quantity, whilst modern is based upon accent. This, as a rough and general remark, might certainly have been sufficient for a mere primer; but this Grammar is intended for the use of colleges as well as schools, and we may presume also for advanced scholars. This being so, we should have expected to find some account of early Latin versification. But we find no reference to Nævius or the Saturnian verse, nor of course to the interesting subject how far the idea of accent influenced early versification before it came to be overpowered by that of quantity.

We have noticed serious defects in this volume, but we should not like to part from it without saying that a great deal of care has been bestowed on its composition, and that the compiler has brought, upon the whole, a great amount of learning to his task.

MINOR NOTICES.

THE companion volume to that extremely useful and entertaining book *Dickens's Dictionary of London* has at length made its appearance (1), the delay in its publication having been due, as we learn from Mr. Dickens's preface, partly to his determination not to issue the book "until I was quite satisfied that the information it contained was trustworthy and to the point." There are probably few of our readers who are not acquainted with the *Dictionary of London*, to which the *Dictionary of Paris* now makes a worthy pendant. There is, it is not too much to say, not a want which may be reasonably felt by a stranger in Paris which has not been foreseen by the Dictionary-maker; and, as in the case of the *Dictionary of London*, the little book, besides its great usefulness, is one which may safely be taken up with the certainty of its pages affording some curious or entertaining information before many of them have been turned over. Thus probably a good many people have asked for a "*Bavaroise*" without troubling their heads about the origin of the term, with any more, at least, than a momentary wonder. From the Dictionary we learn that "when the Bavarian princes came to Paris in the early part of the last century, they used to go frequently to the Café Procope, and asked that their coffee or their chocolate might be brought to them in a glass, and that maidenhair syrup might be used instead of sugar. This they did frequently, and induced others to follow their example, so that coffee, chocolate, or tea so served came to be called a '*bavaroise*,' because the Bavarian princes had invented the mode." There is a cross-reference as to the Café Procope, and on turning to the heading indicated, we learn that in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, in the year 1689, a Sicilian known as François Procope opened the first public café in Paris. The thirsty English soul who disdains a "*bavaroise*," and longs for the national drink, will find under the heading "*Beer*" an account of all the best places in Paris at which to get various kinds of ales and draught beer. "Most Englishmen in Paris," the Dictionary goes on to say—and this is a piece of advice which we heartily recommend—"unless they are specially wedded to British ale, will probably find that the lighter French or German beer adapts itself more easily to the drier climate than does our stronger beverage. And, as a rule, French cooking demands wine at table rather than beer." On the next page, under the heading "*Bock*," the generic term for a glass of Strasburg beer, it is suggested that the expression "may have descended from the habit in days gone by when men used to drink their ale out of bucks' horns. The word would therefore be common to more than one language." Under the heading "*Café*" we find one or two places left out which we should rather have expected to find mentioned, but this is inevitable when only a limited number is given, and we ought to be personally grateful to the Dictionary for not increasing the popularity, and so diminishing the quiet and comfort, of our favourite haunts. Some of the most constantly useful information in the book will be found under the heading "*Omnibuses*," beneath which is a list of the Paris omnibuses thus arranged:—"The different lines of omnibuses, or titles by which the omnibuses are familiarly known, are printed in capitals; then follow the stations at which the omnibuses stop upon their journey; and on the right-hand side is given the distinguishing colour of each line of omnibus. The tramways are also given in their proper place." Under "*Sight-seeing*" there is a final paragraph which it would be well for some travellers to lay to heart, and which begins thus:—"Sometimes upon the Continent one meets with Englishmen who seem

(1) *Dickens's Dictionary of Paris, 1882: an Unconventional Handbook.* London: Macmillan.

to have invented new manners for the occasion, and whose new manners are peculiarly disagreeable." Altogether, as we have indicated, the *Dictionary of Paris* is a little volume which will be invaluable to people visiting Paris for the first time, and which is full of amusement for the general reader.

The same publishers provide us also with new issues of *Dickens's Dictionary of London* and *Dickens's Dictionary of the Thames* (2).

Mrs. Riddell's volume of short stories (3) contains some which are clever and readable, such as "Mrs. Donald," which is an amusing sketch of character; and "Far Stranger than Fiction," in which the old business of personation is handled in a somewhat novel way. The story which gives its name to the book has a certain prettiness and simple pathos; but there was no sufficient reason for laying the scene where it is laid. A more disagreeable offence against literary taste is found in "Captain Mat's Wager," which, intended, it would seem, to be humorous, is, in fact, ghastly and repellent. In "Lady Dugdale's Diamonds," and especially in the second part of the story, which deals with the finding of the stolen jewels, there is a good deal of cleverness.

Mr. Hubbard has reprinted in a separate form the seasonable essay (4) on a religious census which he had published in the *Nineteenth Century* of January 1881, and with it two other essays on cognate ecclesiastical questions. In a short preface, which calls attention to "the highly uncomplimentary notice" given to the article by the *Nonconformist*, Mr. Hubbard incidentally points out that the only two holes which the critic professed to pick in it were in reference to the diminution shown in the number of registered Nonconformist places of worship as given by Mr. Mann in 1851, compared with the Registrar-General in 1877, on which he remarks:—"The Report, I am now told, excludes a class of Chapels included in Mr. Mann's return. I accept this correction, and I note it as evidence of the futility of founding conclusions upon a comparison of different unofficial statistics." He might have added that it also showed what sort of buildings many of these chapels were—as he had indeed indicated with much effect in the article, where he gives a really amusing hit—ranging from Freemasons' Hall to the Hall of Freedom and "Noah's Ark." His other offence is an error in the date of a speech of Lord Palmerston. On the whole, the *Nonconformist* had better lay to heart, in reference to the religious census, the wise caution, "least said soonest mended."

Mr. Heath's well-known love of trees and their foliage has led him to "what he believes to be the first attempt ever made in England to reproduce in facsimile—if the expression may be allowed—not merely the exquisite tinting, but the forms and venation, of the most prominent and conspicuous of the leaves whose dying splendour lights up with so much brilliancy and beauty our autumnal hedges and woodlands" (5). In *Our Woodland Trees* the author had previously made the experiment of giving in the illustrations a careful representation of the characteristic venation of each leaf, and "the result was all that the author could have wished in fulfilment of his design." In the case of the present charming volume, as in that of *Our Woodland Trees*, the coloured figures have been copied from nature, the leaves which they represent having been collected and arranged by the author, then photographed, and so imitated as to give not merely their natural tints, but an exact representation of their characteristic venation. It is this point—the venation—which has been, as a rule, too much neglected by artists. The amount of care and skill demanded by Mr. Heath's process from all concerned in it is obvious. The book is in every way, both as regards letterpress and illustrations, attractive, while the fidelity of the coloured plates of leaves is remarkable.

The substance of Mr. Alexander Ireland's tribute to the memory of Emerson (6) appeared, in the first instance, in the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, from which it is reprinted with large additions. Mr. Ireland begins by giving a brief and clear sketch of Emerson's earlier years, and goes on to speak of the effect of his first lectures in London, which, he says, were listened to with breathless attention and created all-absorbing interest. "He uttered his convictions with a daring independence, and gave his judgments with a decisiveness of tone and earnest solemnity of manner," making his audience "feel as if he had got them well in hand, and did not mean to let them go without giving them his 'mind.'" At first the listener perceived or feared a certain monotony of expression; but as the speaker went on this disappeared, and the lecturer's command over his audience steadily increased until, having finished, he "took up his MS. and quietly glided away, disappearing before his audience could give vent to their applause." We may imagine that Emerson's lectures, like his essays, were elaborated with extreme care. Mr. Ireland quotes a statement bearing upon this, according to which

it was Emerson's "wont to jot down his thoughts at all hours and places. The suggestions resulting from his readings, conversations, and meditations, were immediately transferred to the notebook he always carried with him." Then these jottings were gradually welded into a whole, and then the manuscript was "revised again and again; corrected, wrought over, portions dropped, new matter added, or the paragraphs arranged in a new order." Mr. Ireland's personal reminiscences and the extracts which he gives from hitherto unpublished letters have a special interest.

Not many authors have Mrs. Molesworth's gift of writing pleasantly and sensibly for children, never seeming to "write down" to them, and never puzzling them with excess of fantastic nonsense or with that terrible thing, allegory. As is the case with all really good children's stories, Mrs. Molesworth's (7) are wont to be capital reading not only for children, but also for all "grown-ups" who retain any kindly memory of their own childish days; and Mrs. Molesworth's latest volume of stories for boys and girls is no exception to this rule. We recommend to especial notice the story which is "not exactly a ghost-story," the story of "The Swallows" and "Left Behind."

Few more quaintly interesting volumes have been unearthed from the searching of manuscripts than the four hundred years old *Noble Boke off Cookry* (8), edited by Mrs. Napier. "Perhaps, indeed, our first reflection," writes Mrs. Napier in an introduction, "on turning over its pages will be that there is nothing new under the sun, for here are the same birds, beasts, and fishes, the same courses, and even the same names of various dishes, that we find in a modern cookery book. We see, too, with pleasure that the same principles and the same care were recognized as necessary for good cookery in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries as in the nineteenth. 'Clene vessels,' 'fayre watur,' 'luk yewelle to it,' and 'boille yt softlie,' were then, as now, the first and most important of culinary principles." Yet, as Mrs. Napier goes on to say, there is certainly plenty of curious and amusing matter in the book to repay further examination. Some of the peculiarities of the recipes were, no doubt, due to the necessities of fast days—as, for instance, the bill of fare in which even the eggs were "counterfet." Another odd recipe is that for making "two capons of one," with directions how to take off and stuff the skin of the fowl to make number one, while the body without the skin figures as number two. Strange traits of manners also turn up in the volume. Thus, a pike was to be served whole to "a lorde," and cut up for the "commonalte"; while for the common people cabbages were to be "thiiked with grated bred," and "for a lorde" with yolks of eggs. Again, it must be remembered that at the time when the "Noble Boke" was written the use of forks was unknown in England. Mrs. Napier reminds us that they were first introduced from Italy in the reign of James I. by Tom Coryat, who wrote:—"I observed a custome in all those Italian cities and townes through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither doe I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian and also most strangers commorant in Italy, doe alwaies at their meales use a little forke when they cut their meate. . . . This forme of feeding I understand is generally used in all places in Italy, their forkes being for the most part made of yron or steele and some of silver, but those are used only by gentlemen." "We find," Mrs. Napier continues, "a few years later Fynes Morryson, in his Travels, advising the travelled Englishman 'that he, returning home, lay aside the spoone and forke of Italy, the affected gestures of France, and all strange apparel, yea even those manners which with good judgment he allowes, if they be disagreeable to his country men.'" Other curious facts will be found noted in Mrs. Napier's introduction, which, it must be allowed, is not the least interesting part of a book which is full of interest both for the lover of old manuscripts and for the student of the great art of cooking.

Mr. Bell, in his preface, gives reasons for his undertaking a new edition of *Don Quixote* in English (9), which are plausible enough, his laudable aim having been "to preserve the merits of Motteux and to get rid of his faults." The obvious question is whether it was worth while to attempt this if it was not worth while to go boldly to work and produce a new translation.

"In the present day," writes Mrs. Aldis, "the tendency of legislation and custom is in the direction of taking away the sense of parental responsibility in relation to the education of the young. There are still, however, mothers who wish to retain some portion of that influence which nature intended them to have in the training of their children, and who refuse to abandon it wholly either to the schoolmaster or the State. To such as these this little book (10) is offered as a help in laying the foundations of one of the most important branches of instruction"—and, in our opinion, it will be found a most efficient help.

New editions of standard works have lately followed thickly upon

(2) *Dickens's Dictionary of London*, 1882. *Dickens's Dictionary of the Thames*, 1882. London: Macmillan.

(3) *The Prince of Wales's Garden Party; and other Stories*. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell, Author of "George Geith of Fen Court," &c. London: Chatto & Windus.

(4) *The National Church; a Census of Religions; Denominational Worship*. Three Essays by the Right Hon. J. G. Hubbard, M.P. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1882.

(5) *Autumnal Leaves*. By Francis George Heath, Author of "Sylvan Spring," "The Fern World," &c. With Twelve Coloured Plates. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(6) *In Memoriam. Ralph Waldo Emerson: Recollections of his Visits to England in 1833, 1847-8, 1872-3, and Extracts from Unpublished Letters*. By Alexander Ireland. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Edinburgh: Douglas, Liverpool: Conion & Sons.

(7) *Summer Stories for Boys and Girls*. By Mrs. Molesworth. London: Macmillan.

(8) *A Noble Boke off Cookry*. For a Prynce Houssolde or eny other Estately Houssolde. Reprinted verbatim from a rare MS. in the Holkham Collection. Edited by Mrs. Alexander Napier. London: Elliot Stock.

(9) *The Achievements of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de La Mancha*. By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. A Translation based on that of Peter Anthony Motteux; with the Memoir and Notes of John Gibson Lockhart. Edited by Edward Bell, M.A. 2 vols. London: Bell & Sons.

(10) *The Great Giant Arithmos: a most Elementary Arithmetic*. By Mary Steadman Aldis. London: Macmillan.

each other. The only fault that need be found with the S.P.C.K. edition of *Robinson Crusoe* (11) is that the printing is not always as clear as one could wish.

A new and handy edition of Charles Dickens's Letters (12) is issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

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(12) *The Letters of Charles Dickens*. Edited by his Sister-in-Law and his Eldest Daughter. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall (Limited).

(13) *Q. Horati Flacci Opera*. Londini: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

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E. COZEN & SMITH, *General Manager*.

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1836. 1 MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

Subscribed Capital, £3,000,000, of which paid up £300,000.

Fire Reserve Funds, £208,105.

Life Funds as per last account, £1,553,028.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

HEALTHY PERSONS AT ALL AGES will find in the BONUS SYSTEMS of the LIFE ASSOCIATION of SCOTLAND Advantages far exceeding what can be obtained under any of the Ordinary Systems.

See Prospectus for Specimens and Illustrations of the remarkable results.

CLAIMS AND BONUSES PAID.....£4,028,000

ANNUAL REVENUE.....£436,000

ROBUST-THIRTY YEARS.

IMMEDIATE ENTRANTS will secure

ONE YEAR'S BONUS more than later Assurers.

LONDON—5 LOMBARD STREET and 48 PALL MALL, S.W.

EDINBURGH—32 PRINCES STREET.

BIRMINGHAM—29 New Street.

LIVERPOOL—11 Tithebarn Street.

LEEDS—11 East Parade.

MANCHESTER—10 Bank Street.

GLASGOW—123 ST. VINCENT STREET.

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY,

FIRE, LIFE, MARINE.

Capital fully subscribed.....£2,500,000.

Capital paid up.....£250,000.

Life Funds in Special Trust for Life Policy Holders exceed.....£733,000.

Total Annual Premium Income exceeds £1,050,000.

CHIEF OFFICES—19 and 20 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

WEST END OFFICES—3 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE.

LOMBARD STREET and CHARING CROSS, LONDON.—Established 1782.

Insurances against Loss by Fire and Lightning effected in all parts of the World.

Loss claims arranged with promptitude and liberality.

JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, *Secretary*.

MOTHERS and NURSES.—For Children Cutting Teeth nothing equals MRS. JOHNSON'S SOOTHING SYRUP. Contains no narcotic, and gives speedy relief. See BACOLAY & SONS' name on stamp. Of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per bottle.

NALDIRE'S

PRIZE MEDAL DOG SOAP.

DESTROYS FLEAS, CLEANSSES THE SKIN, AND IMPROVES THE COAT AND HEALTH OF THE DOG.

IMPORTANT.

"NALDIRE'S Soap is harmless to Dogs, but fatal to Fleas."—FRANK BUCKLAND.

Price 1s. Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Grocers.

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BOOKS, &c.

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